

# the AMERICAN GIRL

October

1952 • 25¢



35<sup>th</sup>  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE



Pattern shown above is International Sterling's "Blossom Time" featuring the balanced place setting.

## Your Sterling Silver Record...

*Wonderful help in collecting your International Sterling!*

**G**IRLS all over the country are finding the Sterling Silver Record a wonderful help in collecting their International Sterling.

First, it's a good way to keep a permanent record of what you have in your set. You paste in a silver star every time you acquire a new piece—and it's such fun to watch your collection of stars grow!

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The pattern folder tucked in the pocket of your Sterling Silver Record will be useful in studying all fifteen patterns . . . in the solid silver with beauty that lives forever!

Today, International Sterling is the greatest value your dollar can buy. Compared to other products, its price has risen scarcely at all. You can still start with a teaspoon for as little as \$3.00; or a 6-piece setting for \$27.50. Federal tax included.

*International  
Sterling*

**Free! Your own Sterling Silver Record!** A compact, silvery folder with *your* initials on the cover. Inside there's a space to record each piece you collect, a package of little silver stars to paste in the spaces, a folder of patterns, prices.

### MAIL COUPON TODAY!

THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.  
Dept. 1710, 169 Colony St., Meriden, Conn.

Please send me, free of charge, my initialed Sterling Silver Record, with folder showing all the International Sterling patterns.

NAME

STREET

CITY  STATE

My initials are

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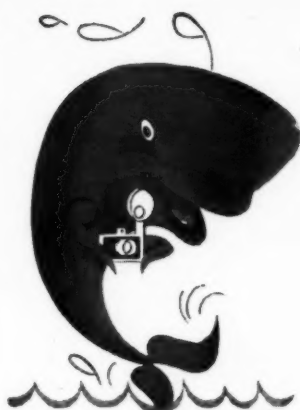
by MARJORIE VETTER

**Tamar.** By GLADYS MALVERN. Longmans, Green and Company, \$2.50.

From all over the world come the costly and lovely things with which the rich and powerful Jairus, ruler of cosmopolitan Capernaum, beautifies his palace and clothes his charming wife and only daughter—delicate, fragile Tamar. Tamar is looking forward to the fast-approaching time when she will wear the veil of a grown-up woman. With her parents, she is on the way to the Bar Mitzvah (coming-of-age party) of Joab, the boy whom it has long been understood she will marry, when she is struck breathless with wonder at the splendid stranger whom the Roman Marcellus introduces as his slave Julian. Tamar cannot keep the young Roman out of her mind. But what can a pagan slave ever mean to a Jewish girl who must keep the Law? At the Bar Mitzvah she seems to see Joab for the first time, contrasting him unfavorably with Julian. From the gossip of the women, she learns of a new teacher from Nazareth who is attracting attention and arousing impassioned controversy throughout Galilee. Then and later she is strongly moved by his power. Gradually the ruler's family find themselves believing with unquestioning faith in this Nazarene. They go to Jerusalem for the Passover and there Tamar witnesses the events of Holy Week and experiences the joy and wonder of the Resurrection. Events move rapidly to a happy ending with a new life for Tamar and Julian. Perhaps you remember "Behold Your Queen" in which this author told so vividly the tale of Queen Esther. In the story of Tamar she makes you feel that you are really there in Galilee and Jerusalem sharing the day-to-day life of a wealthy Jewish family, living through these momentous days, seeing the Nazarene teacher as his contemporaries saw him, and coming with Tamar, Julian, and so many others to the knowledge of God on earth and the brotherhood of Man.

**The Wind Blows Free.** By LOULA GRACE ERDMAN. Dodd, Mead and Company, \$2.50. This, THE AMERICAN GIRL—Dodd, Mead prize story, is the story of Melinda Pierce and her family. It takes place in the Texas Panhandle in 1893, but it could be the story of any pioneers anywhere, any time. For it is families like the Pierces, with their love, loyalty, and mutual dependence, their courage and ingenuity, bringing their church, books, and music with them, who built our country. Melinda didn't want to live in a mud dugout among cowboys and cattle rustlers. The vast, treeless plains of the Panhandle where the wind  
(Continued on page 32)

THE AMERICAN GIRL



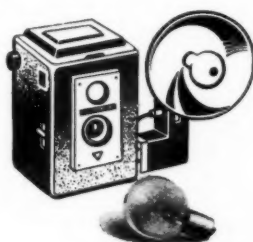
# You'll have a WHALE OF A TIME at a "Snapshot Party"

Make your next party or dance a real wing-ding . . . make it a *snapshot party*. More fun than a barrel of monkeys!

Everybody gets a flash camera, film, flashbulbs . . . shoots everybody else at the frolic. You come up with loads of funny candid shots of the hilarious antics. What a panic when you see the pictures you've taken! Laugh all over again!

Where do you get the flash cameras? Everybody brings his own. Or host or hostess provides. Many photo dealers will rent them at little cost.

Don't forget Sylvania Superflash® bulbs. Most dependable for quick shooting at snapshot parties . . . and all other flash picture taking. You can always count on Superflash for the right light—right when you want it. See your Superflash dealer today!



**Blue Dots  
for Sure Shots!**



# SYLVANIA

Sylvania Electric Products Inc., 1740 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

PHOTOLAMPS; LIGHT BULBS; RADIO TUBES; TELEVISION PICTURE TUBES; ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS; ELECTRONIC TEST EQUIPMENT; FLUORESCENT TUBES, FIXTURES, SIGN TUBING, WIRING DEVICES; TELEVISION SETS



## 206 Chances to Win in \$4575 Royal Portable Prize Contest!

**FIRST PRIZE**  
(Senior Div.)

# \$200 CASH and ROYAL

# PORTABLE GOLD TYPEWRITER

Typewriter award given only when entry is signed by Royal Portable dealer

## HERE'S ALL YOU DO! IT'S EASY!

Write a letter on a subject you have lots of ideas about

**"What I think about my home town"**



**CREEPERS! I COULD WRITE ABOUT THE FOOTBALL TEAM, THE NEW TELEVISION STATION HERE, OR THE DRIVER'S TRAINING COURSE!**

**THE COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS TREE, OR THE DANCES WE HAVE OR MY FAVORITE TEACHER ARE SUBJECTS I COULD CHOOSE.**



**Attention, Seniors!** Be sure your letter on the subject, "What I Think About My Home Town" is not longer than 500 words.

**Attention, Juniors!** Be sure your letter on the subject "What I Think About My Home Town" is not longer than 350 words.

**Everybody** must write on one side of the paper only, in ink and in legible handwriting or in typewriting double-spaced. To win the extra awards (typewriters or cash) your letter must be signed by a local Royal Portable Typewriter dealer.

**HINTS TO HELP YOU WIN**—Have you a favorite local charity? Here's a real chance to tell about it in your letter! Have you a camera club? Do you go on camping trips? Here are swell subjects!

Have you a local industry especially interesting to you? Here's another fine subject! Is there some leading citizen who's done good in your town? Let's hear about him! Do you think your high school's just about the best in the world? Get going on that! What does your town do for servicemen? Does a group send CARE packages overseas? Here are two splendid subjects.

Oh, there are millions of subjects to write about! Think of the good things about America, our freedom of speech, our equal justice under law, our elections, and then apply these ideas to what's happening in your home town.

## HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES

**1.** Write legibly in ink on one side of paper only, or typewrite double-spaced on one side of paper only, a letter on topic, "What I Think About My Home Town." In Senior Division (10th, 11th, 12th grades) letter must not exceed 500 words in length. In Junior Division (7th, 8th, 9th grades) letter must not exceed 350 words in length.

**2.** Mail not later than November 17, 1952, to Royal Portable Contest, c/o American Girl, 155 E. 44th St., N. Y. 17. Submit as many entries as you wish. Be sure each entry is signed with your name, home address, name of school, grade you are in in school, and teacher's name.\*

**3.** Contest open to any junior high school student (7th, 8th, 9th grades) and high school student (10th, 11th, 12th grades) of the United States, except employees of Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., its subsidiaries, or of its advertising agencies, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations.

**4.** Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought by the Reuben H. Donnelly Corporation. Final judging by editorial staff of Scholastic Magazine. Judges' decisions final. Prizes are listed elsewhere in this advertisement. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. All entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Royal Typewriter

Company, Inc., to be used as it sees fit.

**5.** To the winners of the first prize (Senior and Junior Divisions) and of the 2nd and 3rd prizes in each division there will be awarded one Royal Portable Gold Typewriter each, provided entry is signed by an authorized Royal Portable Typewriter dealer. To the winners of the 100 cash prizes of \$10 each (Senior and Junior Divisions) will be awarded an extra \$10 each, provided entry is signed by an authorized Royal Portable Typewriter dealer.

**6.** Top prize winners' names will be announced in a January issue of Scholastic Magazine. All prize winners will be notified by mail and each will receive his prize before December 25, 1952.

## 5 MORE \$200 CASH PRIZES AND ROYAL PORTABLE PRIZES! 200 OTHER VALUABLE CASH PRIZES!

Hey, fellas and gals in both Senior and Junior Highs! Just take a look at these generous prizes in the Royal Portable Typewriter Prize Contest!

### 103 Chances to Win in SENIOR High Division

(10th, 11th, 12th grades)

1st Prize . . . . . \$200 Cash & Royal Gold Portable\*  
2nd Prize . . . . . \$100 Cash & Royal Gold Portable\*  
3rd Prize . . . . . \$ 50 Cash & Royal Gold Portable\*  
100 Cash Prizes . . . . \$ 10 each\*\*

\*Gold Portable Typewriter award given only when entry signed by Royal Portable dealer.

\*\*Cash doubled (\$20 each) when entry signed by Royal Portable dealer.

### 103 Chances to Win in JUNIOR High Division

(7th, 8th, 9th grades)

1st Prize . . . . . \$100 Cash & Royal Gold Portable\*  
2nd Prize . . . . . \$ 50 Cash & Royal Gold Portable\*  
3rd Prize . . . . . \$ 25 Cash & Royal Gold Portable\*  
100 Cash Prizes . . . . \$ 10 each\*\*

\*Gold Portable Typewriter award given only when entry signed by Royal Portable dealer.

\*\*Cash doubled (\$20 each) when entry signed by Royal Portable dealer.

**IT'S EASY.** Start working on your entry today. When finished, be sure to put yourself in line for the extra award of a wonderful, new Royal Portable Gold Typewriter, or double the cash by having a local Royal Portable dealer sign your entry. Mail to Royal Portable Contest, American Girl, 155 E. 44th St., N. Y. 17.

Put yourself in line to win a Royal Portable Gold Typewriter, the easiest-writing portable ever built! Or double the cash prize! Be sure to have your entry signed by a Royal Portable dealer!





# The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

## CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1952

### FICTION

The Wasp.....	Elizabeth Gordon	9
Bucky's Horns .....	Ruth Elizabeth Tanner	12
The Wind Blows Free (Conclusion).....	Loula Grace Erdman	16

### NONFICTION

Teen-Ager . . . Israeli Style.....	Molly Lyons Bar-David	14
County Fair Frolic.....	Alberta Eiseman	19
Columnist by Request.....	Helen Ellsberg	25
Your Own Recipe Exchange (Party Desserts).....	Judith Miller	27

### FASHION AND GOOD LOOKS

Helping Hands.....	Fay Alcott	20
Prize Purchase.....		21
Harvest Highlights.....		22
Frosting for Skirts.....		24
Gay Times Ahead! (Patterns).....		26
Teen Shop Talk.....	Jonni Burke	30

### FEATURES

Books.....	Marjorie Vetter	3
We're Celebrating.....		7
By You (Contributors' Department).....		18
A Penny for Your Thoughts.....		40
Witch-Craft.....	Helen Wolfe	47
Speaking of Movies.....	Bertha Jancke Lueck	51
To Wear with Pride.....		54
All Over the Map.....		56
Jokes .....		65

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### OCTOBER COVER GIRL



Our cover girl for this month is lovely Brenda Gahan, and her handsome date is Johnny Scarecrow. Brenda has chosen Dell Tween's iridescent taffeta dress as her favorite for fall dances and parties. The tight-fitting bodice has tiny puffed sleeves and the saucer-shaped neckline is trimmed with a wide band of velvet ending in a V-shaped point at the waistline. The full sweeping skirt has yards and yards of material. Subteen sizes 8-14, in green with gold, navy with rose, red with blue. About \$11 at the stores on page 66. Jewelry by Ben Berchman. Lipstick by Helena Rubinstein.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.50 for one year, \$4.00 for two years. Foreign and Canadian, \$6.00 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money order for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

VOLUME XXXV

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 10

The American Girl is published monthly by Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. Copyright, 1952, Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., in the United States and Canada. Reprinting or adaptation for radio or other use not permitted except by special authorization. Re-entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1944, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921. Subscription \$2.50 a year. Volume XXXV, Number 10.

## HURRY, GIRLS!

THERE'S STILL  
TIME TO MAKE

# Christmas MONEY!



Now's the time to make the extra money you need for Christmas. All you do is show Midwest Christmas Cards to people you know. You'll get big orders—make big cash profits!

### NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED!

Genuine 24-kt. GOLD-stamping of sender's name on exciting new Christmas Cards sells like hotcakes. You make \$50 on just 50 boxes! Fabulous new ideas in \$1 Assortments, Secret Pal, Name-In-Skirt Notes, Children's Books, Christmas Stockings, Glow-In-Dark Tree Ornaments, over 150 fast-sellers make still more money for you!

### ACT FAST...

#### GET SAMPLES NOW!

Send no money. We'll rush full details to you plus Assortments on approval and Personalized Christmas Card and Ornament Samples FREE. Don't delay! Send the coupon TODAY.

Midwest CARD CO.

1113 Washington Ave., Dept. 10-D, St. Louis 1, Mo.

### MAIL COUPON NOW!

MIDWEST CARD CO. Dept. 10-D

1113 Washington Ave., St. Louis 1, Mo.

Please rush full facts and samples to start me earning at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ I'm interested for club funds.

Imagine you  
on a heavenly  
week end...

→  
looking like an angel  
in your travel dress  
...for about \$11†



Advance #6217 (blouse) Advance #6247 (skirt)



Simplicity #3970

←  
a vision in your  
after-skiing separates  
...for less than \$13†

→  
glamorous in this  
divine little dance  
dress...for  
only \$9.50†



McCall's #9070

**N**O NEED to imagine! A simply out-of-this-world wardrobe for a week end—or a whole winter—can be just as close as your *finger tips!*

How? Sew your own clothes! It's easy to learn to sew, in SINGER's home dressmaking course set up especially for teen-agers like yourself. On an oh-so-tiny budget, you can sew *scads* of beautiful things!


Even if you can't thread a needle now, you'll sew like an expert after the 9 fascinating 2-hour lessons in the SINGER course. That's because the SINGER method makes sewing so beautifully simple.

You learn modern, short-cut methods of adapting patterns, cutting, stitching. You learn the secret tricks, the skillful know-how that gives clothes a really professional look!

And the cost is lower than you'd ever dream! Just 8—yes, *eight*—dollars for the whole heaven-sent course! You can save as much, or more, on your very first dress—the one you make while you're learning!

Don't wait until tomorrow. Run down to your neighborhood SINGER SEWING CENTER today! Sign up for the special dressmaking course for girls 12 to 17 — and get set for some heavenly week ends!

**All in one place!** The SINGER SEWING CENTER near you has every type of sewing supply you'll require—patterns, findings, notions, even fabrics. No need to scurry around collecting things.

**Enroll today!** 

**SINGER TEEN-AGE DRESSMAKING CLASS**

Complete course for only \$8!

**SINGER SEWING CENTERS**

Look up the address of the one nearest you  
in your telephone book under  
SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

†Complete cost for fabric, pattern, trimmings, etc., for size 12.

\*A Trade Mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

# We're celebrating—

The American Girl is full of party news  
this month in honor of three  
famous birthdays



**Juliette Low, born October 31, 1860**

Our beloved "Daisy" Low was the woman behind the birth of Girl Scouting and its wholehearted adoption by the young girls of the United States. Her courage, her generous service to others, and her untiring devotion to the new movement stand as an inspiring example of the Girl Scout spirit.

## Girl Scouts' Fortieth Anniversary

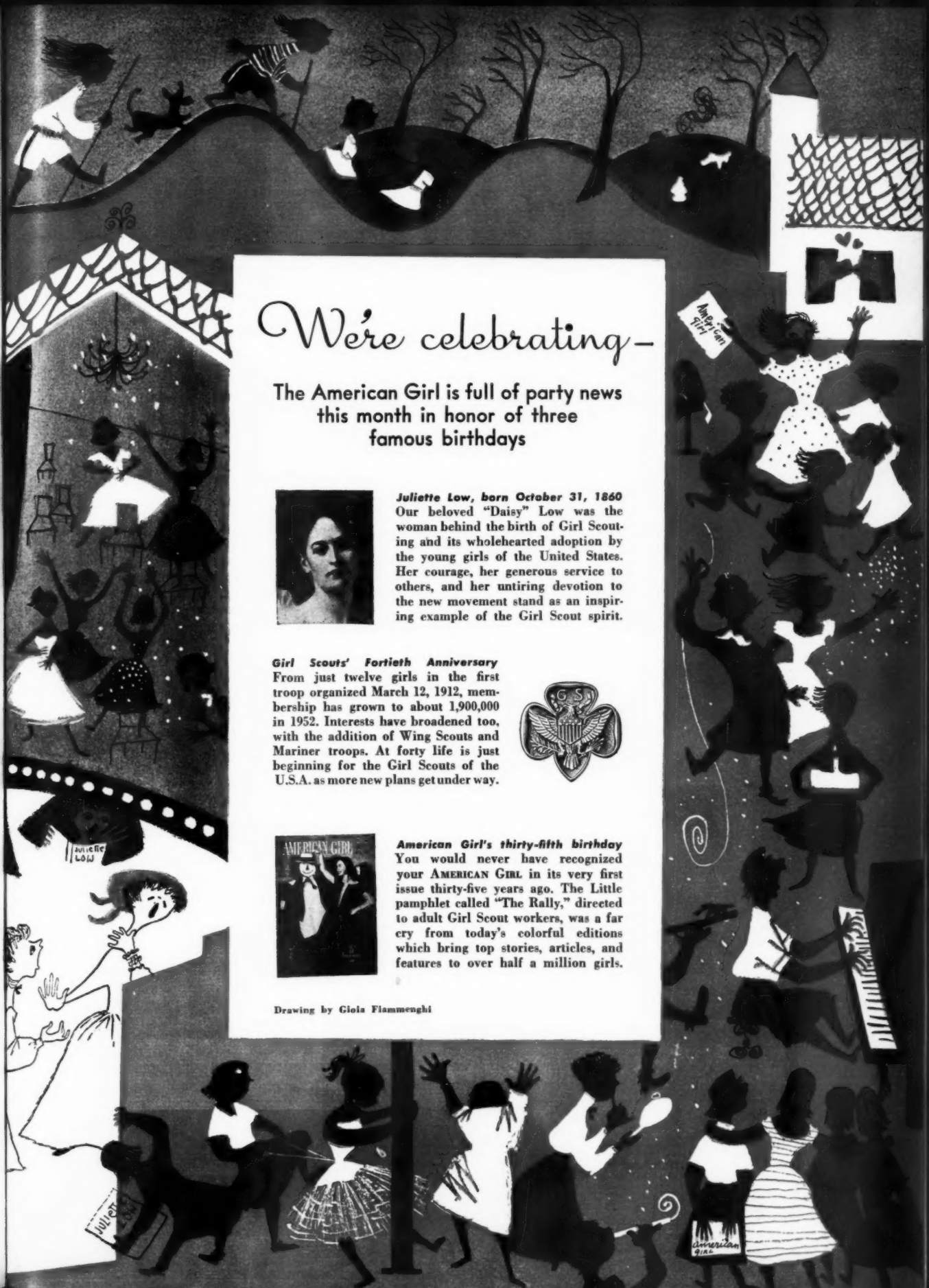
From just twelve girls in the first troop organized March 12, 1912, membership has grown to about 1,900,000 in 1952. Interests have broadened too, with the addition of Wing Scouts and Mariner troops. At forty life is just beginning for the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. as more new plans get under way.



## American Girl's thirty-fifth birthday

You would never have recognized your AMERICAN GIRL in its very first issue thirty-five years ago. The Little pamphlet called "The Rally," directed to adult Girl Scout workers, was a far cry from today's colorful editions which bring top stories, articles, and features to over half a million girls.

Drawing by Gioia Flammenghi





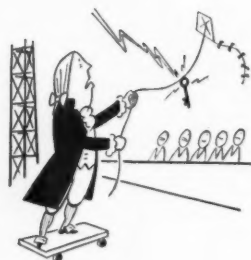
# Have You Heard?



*"Every piece of knowledge is like the branch of a tree, at the end of which another branch grows—on and on."*  
—Dr. W. R. Whitney.



WE all have our own color preferences, whether it's in clothes, cars, or home furnishings. People have strong likes and dislikes about the color of blankets, too, as the Rahr Color Clinic of New York City recently discovered through a national consumer survey. So—General Electric is introducing six new colors to its automatic blanket line. Here they are, and we hope your favorite color is among them: Flamingo (light plumage red), Dresden (medium clear blue), Garden Green (medium clear green), Rose Pink (pale pink), Citron (golden yellow) and Sprout Green (fresh yellow-green).



BEN FRANKLIN would have been surprised if he could have seen his famous kite and key experiment re-enacted 200 years later by G-E engineers. The scene took place at the Company's new switchgear laboratory in Philadelphia, built to develop equipment capable of handling the increasing amounts of electric power our country needs.

During opening ceremonies an effigy of Franklin, complete with key and kite, stood amid the lofty steel structures of the high-voltage yard. When the man-made lightning bolt struck, a white-hot arc leaped six feet from key to ground. "Poor Richard" produced only a spark during that Philadelphia thunderstorm in 1752.



HERE'S the answer to a cheerleader's prayer—a megaphone that can swell your normal speaking voice to an ear-splitting yell or, for quieter occasions, tune it down to a whisper. Now being developed by G.E. in Syracuse, the megaphone is "transistorized." That means it has tiny devices called transistors, made of the metallic element germanium, to do the amplifying work of vacuum tubes. No external connections are needed—small batteries inside the unit supply the power.

*You can put your confidence in—*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

# the Wasp

by ELIZABETH GORDON  
Illustrations by John Ferrie

**Buzz played Petruchio to Leslie's Katherine, and it was more truth than poetry**

LESLIE sat on the straight brown-oak settee in the high school office, waiting for her schedule card to be made out and hating everyone and everything in the large, fluorescent-lighted room that smelled of floor wax and efficiency. She hated the secretary who was making out the card, the bowl of autumn leaves on her desk, the typewriters that clicked away behind the little brown fence that separated visitors from the office staff. She wanted to scream her dislike for the boy who came in with some papers and for the teacher who said, "Excuse me, please," as she walked in front of Leslie to get mail from the open boxes on the wall. This was a horrible, horrible place and she wasn't going to stay.

When the secretary called, "Leslie, would you come here, please?", Leslie went to her unwillingly.

"This is Pam Ward, another sophomore," the secretary said. "She'll show you to your English class now and look after you for the first few days."

"Hello, Leslie," Pam said, offering her hand to Leslie, who pretended not to see it. As they went out the door, Pam said, "I hope you'll like it here. We think it's a pretty nice place."

Leslie shrugged her shoulders and thought, If she expects me to jump up

She longed for the noisy friendliness of Manhattan—yearned to be in the crowd sauntering on Eighth Avenue



and down about her silly old school, she's mistaken.

When they entered Room 259, Miss Allen—young, animated, and redheaded—was talking, but she stopped as Pam said, "I'm sorry to interrupt, Miss Allen, but this is Leslie Patterson, a new student. She's to be in your class."

"Hello, Leslie. I'm glad to see you. We need another girl. Too many boys in this class! You'll even it up!" Miss Allen held out her hand and Leslie took it without a smile. "Come, Leslie," the teacher said quickly, "I'll show you where you'll sit."

She introduced Leslie to a girl named Nancy and a boy called Buzz who sat nearby. The girl smiled and said, "Hello, Leslie!" and the boy, a tall fellow with a crew cut, stood up and said, "Hi!" Leslie nodded and sat down.

Miss Allen returned to her explanation of a point of grammar and the class resumed its note-taking. Nancy gave Leslie a piece of paper, and Buzz apologetically offered a broken stub of a pencil. She took them and began to doodle, making big snowflakes and filling them in with angry faces. I won't listen to her, she thought. No one can make me. I won't do any work in this hole. I won't! I won't!

When the three-o'clock bell rang, Leslie hurried down the aisle and out of the room before Nancy or Buzz or Miss Allen could say a word to her. She wormed her way impatiently through the crowds in the halls, exasperated by their slowness and silly chatter.

As she walked along the twisting roads of the Westchester suburb, she was numb to the brisk October breeze, the clumps of tawny chrysanthemums, or the bright leaves speckling almost every lawn. She hated the quiet streets of large houses set in wide, well-tended lawns and longed for the noisy friendliness of Manhattan. She half closed her eyes to shut out the well-kept gardens, the trim fences, the hedges of Beechdale, and imagined she and Lila were walking home from school in the middle of a crowd of people sauntering on Eighth Avenue. Taxis were honking irritably; women were pushing baby carriages in the bright fall sunshine; kids were playing tag on roller skates; a man was selling button chrysanthemums from a pushcart, and she and Lila were eating hot chestnuts. Then they turned up the avenue, and Leslie left Lila at Tenth Street and went home and Mother was there. Only Mother wasn't there—there was no point in kidding herself. Mother wasn't there and she, Leslie, wasn't either. She was here, living with her father and his new wife in this loathsome country place. In her anger she snatched at the leaves of a privet hedge, but they resisted her tug and infuriated her.

When she reached 15 Hedge Road, she looked at the low fieldstone house and detested it. She wished she could push it over as she had the cardboard

houses she used to have in her farm set. Then she opened the front door, and as she stood a minute in the broad hallway she heard a voice call out, "That you, Leslie? How was school?" but she ignored it and went upstairs to the room they said was hers. It really wasn't hers. You had to want a room to be yours before it really was. You had to plan it yourself with your mother. She looked around at the brown and yellow and green plaid wallpaper, the yellow furniture and the apple-green curtains. If she were doing a room, she would have deep-green walls, red furniture, and white curtains. Well, she wasn't. She went over to her radio-phonograph and put on her favorite, "Be My Love," played it halfway through and shut it off.

Not knowing what to do with herself, she went to the window and looked down at the garden. A few hardy cosmos were still waving, tall and pink and white against the back fence, and three jays were flashes of blue near the bed of bronze pompons, but Leslie saw nothing to hold her at the window. She snapped on the radio, snapped it off, stopped at her dressing table to comb her hair, and then threw herself across her bed.

Several hours later she woke to the sound of her father's voice calling her name. She thought of refusing to go down but decided she was hungry.

As she entered the dining room, her father called out, "Hi, darling, how are tricks?"

"Okay," she said, slipping into her seat.

"Wasn't it a wonderful day!" Jean, her stepmother, said as she shook out her napkin.

Leslie ignored the comment.

"Tell us, sweet," her father said, "do the kids seem nice?"

"So, so."

"Did you like your classes, Leslie?" Jean asked.

Leslie didn't answer.

"Your mother spoke to you, Leslie!" her father said.

"She's not my mother!"

"Now, listen here, young lady, you—" her father began.

"Hank, Hank, that's all right," Jean broke in, "Leslie's tired."

For a minute or two the three ate their grapefruit in silence. Leslie began to count the number of horses on the hunt-

ing print wallpaper behind her father's back. She had counted forty-two when Mr. Patterson tried again.

"Leslie, I met Si Howell on the train this morning. He tells me his daughter is a sophomore, too. He said he'd tell her to look you up. Her name's Sally, I think."





She would miss these rehearsals

Leslie continued to eat a piece of celery and said nothing. Exasperated, her father exclaimed, "Well, aren't you interested? You'll enjoy school a lot more if you make friends."

"I don't intend to make any friends here."

"And why not?" demanded her father.

"I hate it here! I hate it!" Leslie said. She pushed her chair away from the table and ran sobbing out of the room and upstairs, to sit in the dark and brood.

Leslie continued to dislike Beechdale as much as its younger citizens were beginning to dislike her. At first the girls looked at her cashmere sweaters and gold charm bracelets and wondered if they could bid her to their clubs; and the boys looked at her shining blond hair, her forget-me-not blue eyes, and her perfect little figure and wondered if they could date her. But they stopped wondering after a few days and agreed she was a cold fish.

While she sat in classes, doodling and unconcerned with what was going on, her mind was bitterly active. There was no scrap of earth really hers anymore. Once—before her mother's death and her father's remarriage—she had belonged in the big world, everyone's world, the world of all the kids who had real mothers and fathers and regular homes. She had gone to Elizabeth Irwin High and every day had been fun. She and her mother and father had done many things together—gone to the rodeo at Madison Square Garden, had picnics on Long Island, spent week ends in the Poconos. Then her mother had died—her mother who had laughed more than any other mother she had ever seen—and her father had married Jean. And she had had to leave Tenth Street and her friends and her school. Now she had a tight, closed-up feeling. She couldn't make herself talk to people, to all those people who were always trying to "be nice" to her. Anyway she hated people who worked at "being nice" to other people. And her head ached a lot, and there wasn't anyone who understood.

Because she felt she belonged to no one and no one belonged to her, she withdrew more and more until even the teachers began to be annoyed. One day in English class Miss Allen called on Leslie and said, "Did you enjoy the play 'Aria da Capo,' Leslie?"

"I haven't read it," Leslie murmured.

"Why not?"

"I haven't a book."

"Why didn't you tell me? I'm sorry if I neglected to give

(Continued on page 43)



father's  
o when  
ne train  
daughter  
e'd tell  
s Sally,

## ●How could anyone shoot a beautiful deer just to boast a pair of antlers on a wall!

**T**URNING the big telescope slowly, Ruth scanned the forest in every direction. Not a sign of smoke.

She drew a long breath of relief. Thank goodness, she thought, Dad will have an easy day! Fighting fire was too hard a job for a man just recovered from a serious illness. Toward the end of his stay in the hospital Dad had seemed strong enough. But now that he was actually back on the job, he tired easily. And on Monday the hunting season would open. That meant more work and worry.

Hunting season! How in the world could anyone bear to shoot the graceful deer and the shy, long-legged antelope!

I suppose it is because they've never really known the animals, she thought, trying to excuse the hunters. Some of them seem like perfectly nice people, too. She turned back to the telescope.

From the lookout tower at the top of Ranger Mountain she could see miles of government park. Pine-clad slopes, grassy valleys, and rising above the timber line in the distance, Old Baldy, with its white cap of snow.

A smile lit up the girl's face as her telescope picked out a group of antelope. "Hello, Lop-Ear," she said aloud. "You are fatter than you were last winter."

After watching the antelope a moment she moved her telescope back and forth until she located a group of deer feeding in a valley. They too were old friends. Over by Baldy she saw more deer, but not a glimpse did she catch of Bucky, her pet. She had found him when he was a motherless baby and raised him on a bottle. She could remember how he had liked to have her rub his soft buttons that were now such beautiful antlers.

Idly she swung the telescope back.

"Oh, there's Susie!"

Susie was an unusually large black bear with a decided limp. She had never become tame like some of the bears around the tourist camps. Early in the spring something had happened to one of her cubs. Now she fussed over the remaining one like a mother hen. She was standing on the bank of a small

stream watching the cub as he splashed and played in the water.

"Yoo-hoo, Ruthie!"

Reluctantly Ruth brought her attention back to the lookout station. A rider was coming up the winding trail.

"Why, it's Mrs. Beck!" Ruth was surprised to see Mrs. Beck at the lookout tower, and even more surprised at the object of her visit. She had come to ask Ruth to act as guide to take her and her husband hunting in the forest!

"You want *me* to take you hunting!" Ruth echoed.

"Please do, Ruthie. We'd love to have you."

"Oh, no." Ruth shook her head. "I'm not a guide, Mrs. Beck. And even if I were a man, I wouldn't take anyone hunting."

As a ranger's daughter, Ruth had always considered it her job and her privilege to watch over the wild animals. She had cared for some of them until they were old friends. And now hunting season was coming again, and she would have to stand by and see them hunted, frightened, and killed!

But Mrs. Beck, with the privilege of long acquaintance, did not take her "no" as final. "Look, Ruthie." The gray-haired woman was smiling as she gazed out across the mountains. "This is the first real vacation Bill has had for several years. He wants to take home some horns that will make the men in his office believe at least *some* of his hunting stories."

They both laughed for Mr. Beck told tall hunting tales. Then Ruth sobered and shook her head.

"But, Mrs. Beck, you know how I feel about hunting."

"Yes, I know." The older woman spoke with warm friendliness. "But, Ruthie dear, someone will take us. And Bill is offering to pay regular guide's wages plus a hundred dollars to anyone who will guide him to some fine horns. All he asks is to be guided to a place where he can spot a worth-while pair of antlers. If he doesn't bag them, it's his hard luck." Mrs. Beck paused and frowned slightly. "When I left, Bill was trying to talk your father into taking us."

"But Dad isn't able to do it!" Ruth protested.

A few times in the past her father had taken special friends or government men hunting. He had guided them in, helped them make camp, and then returned to his duties at the station.

"That's what I think, too," Mrs. Beck answered. "Your father looks very thin."

He shouldn't be doing any work at all, Ruth thought worriedly. But she remembered the many bills that had piled up during her father's illness. Even the money they had been saving for Ruth's college had melted away. Dad had hated that.

"If you don't take us, I am afraid your father will. He was sort of half promising Bill—"

With a sinking heart, Ruth realized that Mrs. Beck was right. Under the circumstances she knew her father would take on this job, but she couldn't let him do it.

Reluctantly she said, "I suppose I *could* take you—"

"Please do, Ruth." Mrs. Beck was beaming with satisfaction. "It will be fun for me if you go, and of course you know the forest and the game better than almost anyone."

Ruth tried not to think of the deer, the elk, and the antelope she had fed through the deep snows last winter. She would keep her mind on her father and the hospital bills or she would not be able to do it.

"All right, Mrs. Beck, I'll take you." Ruth spoke quickly, before she had time to think too much.

"Fine."

"I'll show Mr. Beck some horns that will make his office friends' eyes pop." But they won't be Bucky's horns, she vowed to herself. I'll make sure to take him where he won't see Bucky.

Three days later they were deep in the beautiful Butte Mountains. The summer drought had dried up many of the water holes. This was fine for the hunters. They could luck in the few remaining spots where the poor animals had to drink.

# Bucky's Horns

by RUTH ELIZABETH TANNER

Illustration by Charles Beck



The Becks were in no hurry. It was fall, a wonderful time for camping, and they were enjoying every moment of it. Twice they met other hunting parties; several times Mr. Beck could have bagged an elk or deer, but he was waiting for those special horns that Ruth was to find for him.

"Remember," she had told him, "I am only to give you the opportunity to take an unusually fine pair of antlers. If you do not bag them, it will be your fault. To keep on and on until you actually make a kill is no part of the bargain." And he had agreed.

Late one afternoon they made camp about a mile from Hand Springs. The weather was perfect for their plans, for a big yellow moon would rise about eight. Mrs. Beck, who was not much of a hunter, had decided to remain in camp.

Ruth and Mr. Beck came up to the water hole with the wind in their faces. Ruth was quick and light-footed and, to her surprise, the city man moved easily and almost silently at her side.

It was dusk when they found themselves at the edge of an open clearing in the forest. From a big, hand-shaped rock several springs trickled down to a little pool—Hand Springs.

In the half darkness the water was a looking glass, reflecting the sky and treetops. For a long moment the man and girl stood silently, awed by its quiet beauty.

"Grr-ow-ow!" The stillness was shattered by an angry snort as a big black bear charged at them from the other side of the pool.

"Jump!" Ruth shouted, just as Mr. Beck yelled, "Climb!"

Ruth scampered up on a rock, caught a drooping limb, and managed to swing herself up to safety. She saw that Mr. Beck was also skinning up into the other side of the big pine tree. As he reached out for another branch, he wavered for a moment and the gun he was still carrying crashed to the ground.

"Wham, bang!" The bear seized the rifle and then (Continued on page 34)

From their precarious perch they saw Bucky flash into action the instant the big bear lunged toward the fawn







In ballet school, Naomi, in Biblical garments, acts and dances the part of Rebecca

## Teen-Ager... Israeli Style

by MOLLY LYONS BAR-DAVID

Photos by Braun-Jerusalem

**T**HE bus plying between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem was churning up the Judean hills, rising ever upward on its way to the ancient capital of Israel. It came to a halt at Abu Gosh, a beige Arab village clinging to the hillside and embroidered with almond blossoms, like the skirt of a geisha girl. Among the motley passengers getting on here—Arab women in colorful native dress, Jewish and Arab workmen, rowdy boys coming back from a hike—was Naomi, an Israeli policewoman. She smiled with such friendliness that it was but natural for me to ask her name.

"Naomi," she replied. Young people seldom bother with their family names here. I told her my name, and we were friends.

Naomi is seventeen and has just taken on her first job: she is a policewoman-interpreter at Abu Gosh, a task she took for "national service." In Israel every young person finishing school (or who is

from seventeen to nineteen years old) is required to give two years of essential service to the country because of the emergency situation at home and in the world. These two years can be spent either in military training or in other essential work; for instance, many girls choose to go to the outlying frontier settlements as "land girls" to increase food production, as did British women during the war. Other vocations in "national service" are nursing and teaching. A great many young people also go out to work in the immigrant camps—one of the most vital tasks in national service. Almost two hundred thousand newcomers to Israel—largely homeless people from war-torn European countries—live in tents while homes are being built for them. Most of these newcomers are destitute, which means that immediately upon arrival they need every kind of assistance—from a first meal and first blanket onward. In the past three years, the

population of Israel has been doubled with these homeless people. Helping to establish new homes and new lives for them in Israel is a big job—one of the main reasons why every young person gives two years of national service to the country.

Naomi chose another type of essential work—the job of policewoman-interpreter



**Life for a seventeen-year-old girl in Israel combines the modern with the enchantment of old**

at Abu Gosh. With people moving into Israel from some sixty-odd countries, it is necessary until all learn Hebrew, the official Israeli language, to be able to converse in many tongues with the newcomers. A traffic policewoman, therefore, would have to know several languages, and in the police stations, as at most public offices, someone must be an able translator in order to read and translate the letters, complaints, and cases that come up and must be recorded in Hebrew. Naomi knows Arabic as well as Hebrew. (Since Abu Gosh is an Arab village, the veiled Moslem women very much appreciate her presence there, for Moslem women shun contact with any men but those of their own family. Naomi is able to help them with permits and other matters relating to their needs and her work.) She is almost equally fluent in English, and she understands both Spanish and French.

It is not unusual for girls in Israel to know three languages, for Hebrew, English, and Arabic are all taught at school. Naomi graduated from high school just before taking on this job. School hours had been from seven in the morning until two in the afternoon, with a recess break and an hour for a hot lunch prepared at school by the domestic-science classes. School begins early in Israel because the mornings are delightfully cool. In the afternoons, during the heat of the day, everyone takes a nap.

Naomi's family is an average middle-class one in Jerusalem, a city famous for the scholars who are drawn there by the city's many religious and educational institutions.

Naomi's father is a translator by profession; he comes from Holland and knows almost every language spoken in Western Europe. Naomi's mother's people came to Israel from Spain about the same time Queen Isabella equipped Columbus for the journey which resulted in the discovery of America. She still looks Spanish, and also speaks it.

Naomi, like her mother, is a "sabrá." The word means "cactus pear" and is the nickname given to people born in Israel because, like that fruit, they are sup-

posed to be prickly on the outside and exceedingly sweet within.

Like a typical sabra, Naomi has an olive skin and dark eyes, and her rich, abundant, wavy hair is black and unruly. Her little sister Varda (which means "Rose") is also a sabra type, of the blond variety, for there seem to be two distinct colorings now typical of the new race of Israelis: very dark and rather fair, depending whether their ancestors hail from the Orient or the Occident. The features of both, however, are similar: the girls are softly curved, slim, and of medium height; they have luxuriant hair, small noses, gentle features.

Naomi's family lives in Rehavia, a charming quarter in the new part of Jerusalem where both girls were born and brought up. The house is built of the natural pink stone of Jerusalem. The rooms are high-ceilinged and airy to combat the long, warm summers; the floors are made of cool stone tiles. There are pieces of mosaic Oriental and carved Druse furniture in the house, as well as a great deal of decorative copper and brass hammered out by hand in the ancient workshops of the city. For the rest the house is comfortably modern with two or three paintings by local artists, much-sat-in upholstered chairs, a native Killin rug, and all the books and knick-knacks that accumulate in a home which has been lived in for over twenty years. Naomi and Varda share a bedroom. Guests are put up on the divan in the sitting room unless it is one of the girls' friends. Then the camp cot is unfolded in their room so the girls can talk half the night if they want to do so.

Because of the thousands of people in Israel needing immediate help, the things which Israelis have to do without are many. Naomi's little sister, for instance, gets only eight quarts of milk a month; Naomi gets none at all. Their sugar ration is only two cups per person a month. There is no chocolate or candy for adults, but children get one bar of chocolate a month. The family gets a taste of meat only on the Sabbath, and each portion is only two ounces. Fruits and vegetables (Continued on page 59)



Naomi and her younger sister, Varda, love to sit before the fire reading the works of the Hebrew poet, Bialik



On modern Jaffa Road Naomi and favorite friend, Bobby, a blond American student, keep their weekly movie date together



The story of the Bible comes alive for Naomi as she walks through the narrow rocky streets of her ancient Jerusalem

Left: Naomi finds dancing school at Rina Biblicat both fun and healthful exercise



Right: As a policewoman Naomi meets many people, must speak many languages

# THE WIND



## CONCLUSION

**T**HE horseman was Dennis Kennedy. Melinda knew she must warn him not to stop. Alone, he might ride to safety.

"Go back," she called, her throat dry, her head throbbing. "Ride fast."

Apparently not understanding her, he rode straight up to them. "You playing Indians?" he asked doubtfully.

"No," Melinda said, "they're real ones! *Look!*"

Startled, Dennis looked over the rise. Then he began to laugh heartily.

"They aren't any more Indians than I am." He kept on laughing, wiping his eyes. "Just clumps of bear grass. They seem to move when you move. You can safely go back to your bone gathering. Say," he added curiously, "what are you gathering those old bones for anyway?"

Something exploded inside Melinda—fear, humiliation, anger. Who was this Dennis Kennedy that he should laugh at them, and find it amusing that they had been mistakenly frightened and that they were gathering bones? Her face went white with anger.

"The boys are gathering bones to buy a pony of their own. And before that we gathered them so we could have money to pay on our land. You wouldn't understand about things like that," she said fiercely. Dennis had stopped laughing in the face of her anger. "If you want a pony, all you have to do is ask for one. You have thousands of acres of land you have never worked for at all, and you laugh at us because we have

to gather bones for even a few of the things you have without turning your hand for them."

"I—" began Dennis.

"Annie was right," she flung at him, beginning to tremble and trying not to cry. "You probably won't ever amount to anything. You have had things too easy." She got back on the wagon, followed by Katie and the astonished twins, picked up the lines and drove off. She did not look back, but she felt that Dennis stood for some time watching her.

It was a long time before Melinda even could think of the way she had talked to Dennis without blushing. She tried to excuse her conduct by telling herself she had been so frightened she did not know what she was doing, but she finally admitted she had had no excuse. Perhaps Dennis didn't really have things as easy as people said he did. He might be happier if he had work to do. She began to feel less embarrassed and somehow a little sorry for Dennis. The next time she saw him she would apologize to him. To her surprise the twins said nothing about the Indian incident. Perhaps it was because they were embarrassed at being fooled, too; perhaps it was because they were completely absorbed in their new pony, Prince. They offered to let Melinda ride him and she accepted their offer.

Prince started off at an easy trot, then broke into a low, swinging gallop. Melinda was exultant. This was like flying! The wind whistled through her hair and sang around her ears. Just as she reached the dugout Mama came up the steps.

"Melinda Pierce!" she cried. "Get off that horse this minute."



# D BLOWS FREE

by LOULA GRACE ERDMAN



Illustration by William Timmins

Melinda knew that Mama was outraged at the way her oldest daughter looked. The skirt of her calico dress had pulled up above her knees, for she was riding bareback and astride, the way the boys rode. She slid to the ground, her hair loose and her dress torn.

"When you ride, you'll ride sideways, like a lady," Mama said with determination. "Tomorrow I'm going to start you on organ lessons and painting. I don't know why I didn't do it long ago."

By April the wild flowers were aglow on the surface of the prairie—rich warm tones of yellows, reds, browns, and oranges. The phee'lark sat upon fence posts and poured his haunting, liquid melody over the land. Melinda didn't like the organ any better than she did painting, and there was no fun riding sidesaddle. But Katie took to music as easily as she did to painting, and she had a sweet voice.

Melinda was ashamed of her own indifferent success, and would not admit that the only lesson she really enjoyed was the riding lesson, which took her out of doors. Instead she wrote to her friends in East Texas:

Dear Girls,

I am having riding lessons, music lessons, and painting lessons. Mama is teaching me, and I am trying hard, so when I get back, I won't be too far behind you.

One day Mr. Foster and Annie drove up to the Pierce dugout. Annie's hair was neatly combed and she wore shoes and stockings. She had a book in her hand.

Riding this way was like flying to Melinda but Mama, outraged, cried, "Get off that horse this minute!"

"It's a bunch of fairy tales," she explained to Melinda. "Never read such lies in my life, but they're wonderful. Dennis Kennedy gave it to me." The girls were walking toward the dugout. "He came by one day when I was a-reading a newspaper. I up and told him about how you had been spending so much time learning me to read, so he fetched me this book."

Melinda urged her to read from it. She complied proudly, then added, "It's all your doings, you know, the way I look. You taught me to read, then Dennis gave me this book. It's all about princesses and knights. They always had their hair combed and wore shoes and stockings, so I started combing my hair and washing my face. I pestered Pa to get me some shoes and I wear them, even if they do near about kill my feet. But it's all due to you, Melinda, and I'm so grateful I don't know how to tell you."

Embarrassed, Melinda said, "You do look awfully nice, Annie." Annie pointed to the cover of her book on which was a picture of a knight, tall and slim, riding on a white horse. "Say, who does this make you think of?" she asked.

"I don't know," Melinda answered, although she knew very well.

"Dennis Kennedy," Annie told her, "and this princess looks like you. He"—there was no doubt whom Annie meant—"thinks you're neat, and awfully pretty. He said so. He's gone away, you know."

"Gone away?" Melinda repeated.

"Yep, he's gone to Kansas City to see cousins. Nick said he just made up his mind all of a sudden and off he went."

Dennis was gone—and she hadn't apologized to him.

The days slipped by, warm and dry. "If it would only rain," Papa said, despairingly.

June passed and still there was no rain. The maize looked sick. The heat was bad enough, but the wind was worse. It seemed cruel and pitiless, as if it were trying to run the Pierce family off the land. The drought extended all over the Panhandle. Homesteader after homesteader left, their wagons trailing by the dugout every day. One wagon bore a sign making a joke of their plight: "In Texas we trusted, in Texas we busted." But many were bitter.

"We're going to have to sink some extra wells," Nick said one day when he and Herman rode by. "We're on our way to Amarillo now to line up a crew and a well-digger."

"I wish I could order one of those wells," Papa said as he watched the cowboys ride off.

The organ and painting lessons continued for Melinda. She had thought when the maize crop failed that Papa and Mama would change their minds about sending her back to Lewisville in the fall, but a letter had come from Grandmother reminding them of their promise. The Fourth passed without celebration. It was too hot and dry for a picnic.

Early the next morning Papa saddled one of the team and rode away. He came back at suppertime looking pleased and happy. "I have a job," he told them, "helping the well-diggers over at the ranch."

"How much do they pay?" Mama asked.

"Nothing—and everything. If I help them, they'll come over here and sink a well for me, right between the house and the shed. We'll have a well of our own!"

This was something about which the whole family could rejoice and for which all of them could plan. Melinda knew Papa was thinking of the independence he would gain. He would never again have to ask anybody for water! He would harness the wind and it would free him.

Before Papa left he had a talk with the three oldest children. "I'm leaving Mama and Katie (Continued on page 47)



### The Sunday School Hymn

First Nonfiction Award

The Sunday school superintendent was saying, "Number one-hundred six—one-hundred six." A pause. Then the girl with the red billowy skirt, fine blonde hair, and small slim hands began to play. I held the hymn book loosely, half laying it on my knees. The stained windows on either side of me were open. One window seemed to be yawning, beckoning the bright autumn morning to come inside and play a while. Its opposite, more timid, could only whisper "Please" to the fluffy white clouds and clear blue sky. The sky was high, high—never stopping—going on and on. The sunshine poured through the windows—through, through, through the walls and me and the windows. The gentle autumn breeze tenderly caressed a painted leaf and guided it, past the window, to the soft springy grass below. Green and blue, below and above, and graceful, still trees that sadly and yet proudly lost their gay, wispy leaves to the sweet, green grass.

I looked from the outside world to the world there inside my church, to the vacant choir loft and the rows of blank staring pews in front—warm brown wooden pews, marching in straight, even, single file, way down to where the superintendent was standing. I measured each pew carefully, counting the backs, the carved ends, and the seats that were sad and silent.

The first verse was over. The men's, women's, and children's voices blended together—swelling into the crescendos, then falling and softening before the chorus. I walked into the music, through, through the chords of the piano, and through the voices, some deep, others high. I climbed carefully,

surely, to the top of the church—then floated, drifting lazily to the front pew. The music swelled and pulled me into it—then pushing, pushing, pushing. To the very back bench. The very familiar bench, the very kind bench. The piano and singing stopped. Not slowly and unevenly, but very quietly and quickly. I moved my hands; my book had fallen shut upon them. The hymn had been something about the world being good and pure. I blinked; the hymn was finished and over. But I knew the world was good and pure and, yes, beautiful, too. Oh, so good, pure, beautiful.

ERMALOU RODDA  
(age 17) Ossian, Indiana



**FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:**  
DONNA WEIERICH (age 13) Moline, Illinois

### What Is It?

Top Poetry Award

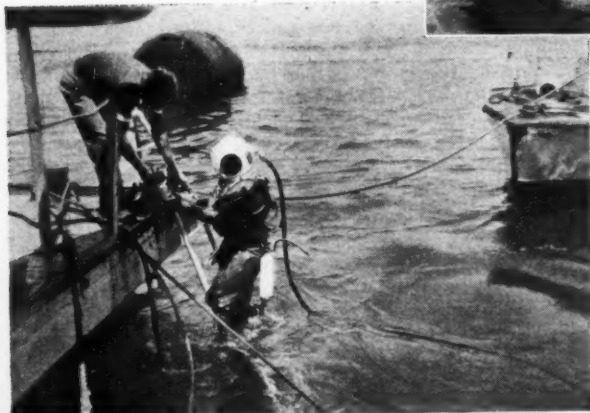
Is it magic?  
Does it move?  
Is it really, truly there?  
Do I see it?  
Can I hear it?  
Is it pulling at my hair?  
Is it it?  
Or is it you?  
Do you see it dancing there?  
There it is!  
Now it's gone!  
Oh, tell me, sister fair,  
Is that a spirit on the wall  
Or just the candle's flare?

FRANCES ADAMS (age 16)  
Las Cruces, New Mexico



**FIRST ART AWARD:**  
PAT COX (age 14) Miles  
City, Montana

**FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:**  
SANDRA JEAN KLINE  
(age 14) Lima, Ohio



### Loyal to the End

First Fiction Award

The wind shrieked notes of defiance, its freezing fingers lashing the foliage and making the trees and bushes bow before it. The gray dismal sky hung close to the earth, sending avalanches of snow swirling to the ground. Almost invisible in the storm, the ghostly gray form of a wolf slunk slowly along. His hair was matted to his skeleton-like frame, clearly displaying each of his ribs. His jaws, lined with dried blood, hung open, showing spiked

(Continued on page 61)

# County Fair Frolic

by ALBERTA EISEMAN

Drawing by Sylvia Haggander

FALL IS WITH US again; the trees are staging their yearly spectacle, and pumpkins are starting to appear on roadside stands. You are back in school and all settled by now, happy to be with your old friends again, anxious to meet some of the new students. What could be better than to have a party? And what party could be gayer than one celebrating this wonderful time of year, the time for harvest and county fairs? Shake that summer laziness out of your system! Don't make this just a get-together; make it a *big* party—one to remember all through your school years. Plan it for your class, your club, or, if yours is a small one, the whole school.

But don't forget that word *planning*: it's your key to a successful party. School dances don't just grow like Topsy, the way a Saturday-night get-together might. They need thought and time and teamwork!

Start the ball rolling by suggesting the idea to your classmates; then elect a party chairman. You'll have to organize committees to take care of all the details: decorations, entertainment, and prizes, and last but certainly not least, refreshments.

At your very first meeting, there are a number of things you should straighten out. First of all, the date and place of your party. The school gym is a fine place, so let's use a gym as our example. (You might prefer the local Y, or any large hall available in your home town. Either would do, but make sure no one else will be using the spot you've picked



Welcome the new school year with an exciting party that is really different

on the night of your dance.) Then let your thoughts turn to that age-old problem: finance. Music, food, and decorations all take money. Let each committee figure out how much it will need, then make a budget. You can raise the necessary funds by collecting a certain amount from each participant, or by selling tickets. If your class or club has a fund set aside for such events, then, of course, you're all set. Between the time you begin planning your party and the day it finally comes off, you should have several meetings, so the various committees can keep each other informed about the

work they are doing. And don't forget one last huddle just before D-for-Dance Day: it's the only way to avoid those last-minute jitters.

Decorating the gym is one of the big tasks you face. You may not actually be able to put up the decorations until just before partytime: after all, you wouldn't want a basketball to go sailing right through your beautiful creations. What you'll have to do is round up your props ahead of time, borrow all the tools you might possibly need, get all your decorations made. Then, the afternoon of the dance you can start putting everything

in place. Don't underestimate the amount of work this will take: you'll need a large decorating staff with plenty of would-be carpenters.

Now for some practical suggestions on how to turn your old school gym into the busiest, prettiest county fair you ever did see. Remember that your gym may present different problems from the one described here. So, use these ideas as a guide, not a blueprint.

Now—let's go to work on those exercise bars. They may do wonders for your muscles, but they really don't belong at your county fair. (Continued on page 28)



# Helping Hands

by FAY ALCOTT

**Your hands tell a story about you. See that yours express grace, poise, and good grooming**

**L**IKE THE STANDARDS of beauty in faces, the standards of what makes a pretty hand have changed since grandmother, or even mother, was a girl. Both, we think, for the better. Today, regular features and a rosebud mouth are not the only attributes to be acclaimed as lovely by any means, and no longer must a hand be small and slender, snow-white and useless-looking to bring forth compliments. Your hands may be square with good, practical fingers; they may be large or small, well browned by the sun or naturally pale, and still be considered in the realm of pretty to look at. But they must be well cared for, with nails immaculate and cuticle neat. If they are red and rough-skinned in these days of wonderful, inexpensive hand lotions, that is no one's fault but your own. Even the hardest sort of work, everything from scouring pans to scrubbing floors, is no excuse for ugly unkempt hands. And to have badly cared for nails is really a sign of little more than laziness.

Caring for the hands and nails is not such a tiresome chore as some people make out. It does take time and skill and the adoption of a regular routine. But you can find the time if you want to, can acquire the skill, and discipline yourself to the routine if the will to do it is there. Begin now to give yourself a weekly manicure. The tools needed are few: an orangewood stick, a bottle of cuticle softener, an emery board (better than a file) and a clipper or pair of nail scissors for trimming ragged edges and hangnails. As a matter of fact, once you have established your weekly routine with the cuticle softener, you will have less and less use for the clippers or scissors.

The procedure is simple. First shape your nails with the emery board, but don't make sharp-pointed spikes of them. Filing them down too close at the sides can cause nails to break off below the cuticle line. It can be painful, too, and may be a source of infection. A gentle oval is the best, beginning well over the edge of the finger. How long you keep your nails depends on what kind of work you do with your hands and whether or not the nail tissue itself is hard or soft. Very long nails are not considered in good taste on anyone, nor are they attractive to look at, being all too reminiscent of claws discarded eons ago by our primeval ancestors.

After the filing is finished, the next step is to soak the fingertips in warm water and soap. If your cuticle is hard and neglected, a soaking in warm oil such as olive oil or baby oil is helpful. (You can warm the oil by putting the bottle in a bowl of hot water for a while.) Then, with the end of the orangewood stick wrapped in cotton, dipped in the softener, you push back the cuticle until it is loose from the nail. Do this very gently, as the base of the nail is a very tender spot. If the cuticle is ragged or a hangnail adheres to the nail, cut this away with the scissors or clippers but do not cut any more than is absolutely necessary. Do take the precaution of sterilizing the scissors and clippers in hot water before you use them. Cutting the cuticle all around and all off will give you an ugly red line around your nails and will invite infection. Just as little cutting as you possibly can get away with is the rule.

Once the cuticle is taken care of, wash your hands all over in warm water and soap and dry them; now use the (Continued on page 39)

*Reading from top to bottom:* With an emery board file your nails into pretty ovals. Next, soak them in warm soapy water and wipe thoroughly dry. Then, with a cotton-tipped orangewood stick dipped in softener, gently push back the cuticles. Base coat goes on next to insure a long-lasting manicure; and finally a thin layer of rosy polish carefully applied in long, smooth strokes from cuticle to finger tip

Photos by Dura-Gloss



WITCH BY HELEN WOLFE, SEE DETAILS ON PAGE 47  
 PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM BENEDICT  
 JEWELRY BY CORO

To bewitch and beguile the most elusive of ghosts on Halloween, choose Berk's woven pin-check taffeta dress. The middy bodice with velvet belt is fitted at the waist, and the full skirt flares from the hips. For that special touch, the velvet collar is sprinkled with pearls and rhinestones. In green, blue, and red, subteen 8-14, about \$11 at the stores on page 66



*Above:* Perfect for Saturday-evening socials is this versatile dress by Young Sophisticates. Of acetate taffeta, it has a bias-cut bodice with convertible neck line and a wide obi belt. The three-quarter-length sleeves tie at the elbow. Skirt is full, with umbrella darts at the waist. About \$15. Sizes 8-16 teen. Blue, rose, and green



*Left:* Gather round the piano for a good old-fashioned song fest in Bonnie Blair's dress of woven dot-striped taffeta. The full swing skirt has a narrow velvet belt and is topped with a fitted bodice. Collar and cuffs of the short sleeves are piped with self fabric. In sub-teen sizes 8-14, about \$8. Black and white only

# Harvest

*A group of party dresses calculated  
skirted beauties of rustling taffeta  
at a harvest party in the junior  
see page 66. For ideas on how*





# Highlights

elt the heart of any stag line—full-  
lled, and luxurious velveteen, photographed  
taffeta  
gh gym. For where-to-buy information,  
junior  
ecorate your own school gym, see page 19  
how

**Below:** For the party to be given after the foot-  
ball game, wear Shirley Lee's two-piece outfit  
of velveteen. The taut princess jacket fastens  
from neck to waist with jet buttons and is  
trimmed with braid loops. About \$8. Full skirt  
has a large pointed pocket. About \$9. Both in  
sizes 9-15 for teens. Black, red, violet, brass



**Right:** This lovely dress leads a double life.  
Petiteen's fine-quality faille jumper dress was  
designed to be worn with or without a blouse.  
The bodice, trimmed with rhinestone pins,  
has three bands of self piping. Shoulders are  
built up to give a cap-sleeve look. Subteen  
sizes 8-14, about \$11. Red, navy, and green



**Above:** Dress up for your Halloween party in  
this taffeta outfit by R.A.R. The underdress  
has scalloped neckline and a wide bouffant  
skirt. Velvet belt is of a contrasting color.  
The fitted Spencer jacket has short sleeves with  
bow ties. In subteen sizes 8-14, it's about \$11.  
Charcoal, navy, green, rose, and hydrangea

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RAY SOLOWINSKI  
AT THE GREAT NECK, NEW YORK, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL  
PROPS BY DAVID HAMBURGER, INC.  
JEWELRY BY CORO

# Frosting for Skirts

*All dressed up in your best bib and tucker! Here are three blouses that will add a touch of holiday gaiety to your winter skirts. For the store nearest you, see page 66*



Drawings by Seena Sand

Pigtail Fashions' pretty classic blouse of one hundred per cent worsted wool jersey has short sleeves and a back closing. The tiny collar is the perfect background for your favorite jewelry. Sizes 10-14, sub-teen, it's about \$4. Red, green, and gold

Sheer beauty in a short-sleeved nylon tricot blouse by Sally Mason. It fastens with rhinestone buttons. The front is vertically tucked and stitched with multicolored threads. Removable collar of nylon velvet. White only. About \$5, sizes 9-15 for teens

Be pretty as a picture in this lovely blouse of nylon marquisette by Sally Mason. It has three-quarter-length, push-up sleeves and a high neck trimmed with velvet drawstring bow. The front is horizontally tucked. White only, it's about \$5 in sizes 9-15 for teens

# COLUMNIST

## *by Request*

by HELEN ELLSBERG

**It was fun but hard work for eleven-year-old Joyce to start her own news column for a big daily newspaper**

CITY EDITORS are not easy people to surprise, but Wyman Riley, city editor of the Vallejo, California, "News-Chronicle," looked somewhat startled when the small, eleven-year-old girl sitting across the desk from him announced that she wanted to be a reporter on his paper.

She told him shyly and politely that she had become interested in newspaper work during a recent visit to their printing plant. She had noticed that all the different sections of the city had news in the paper, except the large subdivision in which her family lived. She would like to do their column of neighborhood news.

Mr. Riley, pleased with her initiative, although doubtful of her ability, said she might bring in a sample column, and he would think it over. The sample was so surprisingly good that she was told she could write a weekly column during vacation!

Now that she had the job, Joyce felt somewhat overwhelmed. The "News-Chronicle" is a four-page country weekly. It is an afternoon paper with a daily circulation of 23,500, and ranges in size from fourteen to thirty-six pages. It is read not only by citizens of Vallejo, but six other cities throughout the county, and several hundred people in rural areas. There are ten people on the editorial staff. It looked as big as "The New York Times" to Joyce, but she took a deep breath and went resolutely about her job.

All summer long the young reporter with the burnished red hair and friendly smile gathered her personal and neighborhood news and met her deadlines.



She was not being paid, but she felt it was a grand experience, and she got a real thrill out of seeing her column, "Beverly Hills News" in the paper with the by-line, "By Joyce Hodge." When school started, she thanked Mr. Riley for the experience and regretfully put away her reporter's pad.

But "News-Chronicle" readers were not a bit happy about the situation. They liked Joyce's bright, informal style. They wrote letters galore to the paper, and called on the telephone and in person to request that the column be continued. So great was the interest that two months before her twelfth birthday, she was added to the staff of the "News-Chronicle" as a regular columnist at a salary of \$30 a month.

She did most of her news gathering on week ends. Some she got by telephoning, and some by calling in person.



Photo by Alsz Vierheller

Joyce got much of her news by telephone, but often she had to make visits in person

Many people called her to give her their news. Her column, two to three hundred words in length, ran once a week—occasionally twice a week if there were an unusual amount of news.

However, the life of a columnist in no way hindered Joyce's participation in Franklin Junior High School affairs. She was a member of the honor society, a prize winner in a city-wide spelling contest and in an essay contest conducted by the Business and Professional Woman's Club. She also found time to be an officer in Job's Daughters, (a junior girls' organization sponsored by the Masonic Lodge), a member of the Y Teens and help make toys for the Red Cross.

Along with her school homework and news gathering, she liked to spend time on her hobbies of sewing and horseback riding with her two younger brothers, Tommy and Richard. Since the members of her family have always been ardent horsemen, the Hodges owned two horses—a black named Major, and Cappy, a pinto. (Continued on page 39)



# Gay Times Ahead!

Drawings by Florence Maier



9364

9257

9380

4829

Each Pattern 30c

These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For your convenience there is a clip-out order blank on page 64.

**9364:** The soft folds which frame the shoulder-wide neckline, and a spanking big bow lend a just-right touch of party glamour to a frock for sizes 11-17. For an extra-gay swish, wear it over your best crinoline petticoat. Size 13 requires 6½ yards 35" fabric

**9257:** Well-fitting, with slim princess lines, this smartly simple dress can be worn to school and right on to after-class festivities. Cotton, rayon, or taffeta, plain or printed; would be a good choice for it. For sizes 10-16. Size 12 calls for 4¼ yards of 35" material

**9380:** For the get-together after a big game, wear this skirt with your prettiest sweater or blouse. There are no side seams, the back yoke assuring a smooth fit. It is shown in striped corduroy, and comes in waist sizes 24-28. Any size takes only 1 yard 54" fabric

**4829:** A crisp, dainty apron that will really protect her frock is a must for every hostess. This one comes in small, medium, and large sizes, in bib and half-apron styles, with the embroidery pattern included. Bib version, in small, needs 1½ yards 35" material



**T**HE CRISP, colorful days of autumn are the beginning of the holiday season. Every week, it seems, brings a reason for a party. Halloween usually starts the festivities, with football games and school, church, and club affairs crowding right into Thanksgiving and the Christmas holidays.

It's fun to give a party—to take over kitchen and living room, with maybe just a little wise counsel from Mother. It's good practice for any girl, too. She will learn to plan refreshments and entertainment, to prepare and serve a variety of good food. And in the learning she will gain poise, confidence, and a feeling for genuine hospitality.

However much you may be admired for your tasty casseroles or barbecued hamburgers, you will really gain a reputation as a razor-sharp cook when you can turn out melt-on-the-tongue, pretty-as-a-picture desserts. Practice on the family (you will benefit both from their honest criticism and praise) and keep eyes and ears open for new, tricky ways of cooking, serving, and garnishing.

The many excellent recipes sent in for this issue convinced us that young folks really go for rich, nutty, fruity concoctions. We hope you will like those we have selected for publication, and that some of them will help to boost your reputation as a dessert-maker to a new high.

Now for some really big news! Beginning in the January, 1953, issue, something new and exciting will be added to our Cooking Department. Each month we will publish, along with the recipes you send in, an article on the particular kind of cookery featured in that issue. If the recipe you send has been especially helpful or valuable in any way, write us a letter describing your experience and send it along with the recipe. The author of the article may wish to quote from your letter.

Help get the new Cooking Department off to a fine start by sending in your favorite recipes and interesting letters to share with all AMERICAN GIRL readers. So many of you have asked for recipes suitable for low-calorie diets that we chose **Low-Calorie Dishes** as the subject for the January, 1953, issue, and we are looking forward to receiving many excellent recipes and good letters.

For every recipe printed in the magazine we will pay \$1.00. See page 38 for details.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

## PARTY DESSERTS

by JUDITH MILLER

### MOCHA CAKE

The combination of chocolate and coffee flavors gives this cake a wonderful flavor.

2 cups flour	1½ cups sugar
½ teaspoon baking powder	½ cup shortening
1 teaspoon baking soda	¾ cup buttermilk or sour milk
1 teaspoon salt	½ cup cold strong coffee
1 teaspoon cinnamon	2 eggs
½ cup cocoa	1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift dry ingredients into mixing bowl. Add shortening, milk, and coffee. Beat thoroughly with electric mixer on medium speed for 2 minutes. (If mixing by hand, 100 strokes equal 1 minute by mixer.) Add unbeaten eggs and vanilla. Beat 1 minute. Bake in 2 greased 8" layer pans at 350° for 30 to 35 minutes. Cool.

#### Mocha Frosting:

¾ cup sugar	½ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ cup light corn syrup	½ teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites	3 tablespoons shaved unsweetened chocolate
3 teaspoons strong coffee	

Combine all ingredients, except vanilla and chocolate, in top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water and beat with rotary beater until mixture stands in peaks. Remove from heat; add vanilla. Frost cooled layers, and decorate cake with shaved chocolate.

Sent by BARBARA JEAN CANOVA  
Woodcliff Lake, New Jersey

### GRAPE DELIGHT

A perfect dessert with a hearty meal, or for afternoon party refreshments.

2 eggs	1 cup pineapple cubes, drained
½ cup sugar	1 cup sliced red Tokay grapes
2 tablespoons lemon juice	2 cups diced marshmallows
1 cup cream, whipped	½ cup chopped nuts

Combine well-beaten eggs, sugar, and lemon juice in top of double boiler. Cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Cool. Fold in remaining ingredients. Chill 5 to 6 hours, or overnight. Serve in sher-

bert glasses, topping each with a maraschino cherry, if desired.

Sent by LUCILE TREROTOLA  
Montclair, New Jersey

### BLACK-BOTTOM PIE

Chocolate lovers, especially, will like this. It is really simple to make, and is a truly eye-catching dessert.

#### Crust:

1½ cups graham-cracker crumbs, finely crushed	2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
	½ cup melted butter

Combine ingredients, and press on bottom and sides of greased 9" pie plate. Bake at 350° for 10 minutes. Cool before filling.

#### Filling:

4 eggs	1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
2 cups milk, scalded	¼ cup cold water
1 tablespoon cornstarch	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sugar	1 cup whipped cream
1 package chocolate bits	

Separate eggs. Beat yolks in top of double boiler, and gradually add milk. Blend cornstarch with ¼ cup of the sugar and add to milk mixture. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture coats a metal spoon. Remove from heat. To 1½ cups of this hot custard add the chocolate bits, and pour into cooked pie shell. To the remaining hot custard, add the gelatin, which has been softened in the cold water. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Cool until the mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg whites stiff; gradually beat in remaining ½ cup sugar. Fold egg whites into the thickened gelatin. Add vanilla. Pour over chocolate layer in pie shell. Chill 2 to 3 hours. Garnish with whipped cream. Top with a sprinkling of grated bitter chocolate, if desired.

Sent by CANDACE WAITE  
Orange, Massachusetts

### PECAN STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

Pecans in the biscuit dough make this shortcake extra-special and different.

2 cups flour	1 egg
3 teaspoons baking powder	½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt	½ cup chopped pecans
3 tablespoons sugar	2 tablespoons melted shortening
½ cup shortening	3 cups strawberries
	1 cup whipped cream

(Continued on page 37)

Dress them up by hanging a large "bouquet" of autumn leaves and ears of corn at one end. Wrap gay strips of crepe paper around the bars.

With a little imagination, the basketball nets can look like luscious horns of plenty. Sew or lace up the holes at the bottom of both nets, then fill them with pumpkins, gourds, yellow and red ears of corn, apples, branches of fall leaves—any colorful fruit or vegetable that comes to your mind.

All around the gym, place a variety of interesting-looking objects like these: paper moons, red barns, silver-foil stars—all made out of paper; add old-fashioned lanterns, harnesses, and bridles. In each corner, lean wagon wheels or dried tree branches. If you can't round up the real thing, make your props out of cardboard.

If you have a gym horse, don't forget to give him the thrill of his life: dress him up, too. You can give him a mane and tail made of a sheaf of straw or heavy yarn. Use masking tape to fasten them to the horse. Throw a saddle over his back, put a rakish straw hat on top of the mane and he's all set for the party.

You can, if you'd like, make a horse's head (include the neck, too) out of cardboard. The size of the head depends on the size of the horse, so you'll have to use your own judgment. To fasten the head and neck to the gym-horse body, cut two squares of cardboard the same width as the horse's neck. Number them 1 and 2. Mark each square into two equal halves by drawing a line down the center of each. Tape the *entire* upper half of square number 1 to the bottom edge of the horse's neck. Fold the remaining lower half of the square *out* at a right angle. Follow the same procedure for square number 2 which goes on the reverse side of the horse's neck. You will now have a "stand" for the horse's head. Tape the stand to the top side of one end of the gym horse. Now, for an idea on how your gym can look, take a peek at pages 22 and 23.

On one side of the gym rope off three or four sections which will be concession stands. Here's where the boys who have a talent for carpentry come in. Ask your manual-training instructor to give you some tips, too. One of your booths will be for refreshments: more about that later. One can be a shooting gallery. (Doesn't one of you have a set of darts?) Don't forget, though, that each stand needs someone to man it. Perhaps the members of the entertainment committee can take turns at it. Another of the roped-off sections should be a place where you can sit down during intermissions. Round up barrels, wooden crates, stools, or just plain folding chairs.

Now that the gym is all decorated (in words, at least!) shall we dress you up, too? Costumes are by no means essential to the success of a party, but the girls might find it fun to wear pinafores or cotton skirts, big hair bows, colorful aprons. And your beaux will cut quite a figure in overalls or jeans, with kerchiefs round their necks, plaid shirts, and stylish suspenders. Still, if you prefer wearing your new fall dress, parties can get along without costumes.

There's one thing, though, that they can't do without, and that's music. Here, your choice is twofold. If you can afford a band, that's wonderful. Maybe your school or-

chestra or local band would agree to wearing blue jeans and colorful shirts, just to add to the fun! If you decide on a jukebox, make arrangements to rent one way in advance, and be sure the records available are the ones your crowd likes. If you decide to borrow someone's record player, round up as many records as you can, slow ones as well as fast, to keep everyone happy. Don't forget to mark each disc with the name of the person who lent it. And speaking of music, how about arranging with the choir or glee club to sing a medley of folk songs during one of your intermissions?

Ice breakers and games can add substantially to your fun, especially toward the beginning of the school year when you want to make friends with some of the new arrivals. Here are some old, some new.

First, let's take care of those first few minutes of your party when you're waiting for late-comers. How about a game? Tie an ear of corn to a breadboard, put a pad of paper and several pencils near it. Let everyone take a quick guess at the number of

music starts, both lines walk backward until each boy stumbles into a girl, who becomes his partner for the next number.

Here is a very special kind of ducking for apples you might like to try if your party is not too large. Two big tubs of water with apples in them are sitting side by side, off in the corner of the gym; one for the boys, one for the girls. Each apple has a number carved on it. You guessed it. You dance with the person whose apple has the same number as yours. But ordinary ducking for apples can be fun too, with a prize going to the one who gets the most apples in a fixed limit of time. It's a good idea to protect the floor around this area with newspapers or tarpaulin before you start.

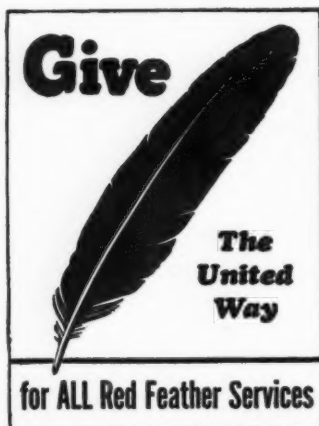
By this time you'll all be ready for some solid victuals. Here's a way to handle the food problem: to save your refreshment committee an awful lot of work, why not have each girl bring a lunch for two? Your committee can decide on an approximate menu for everyone to follow, just so one girl won't outshine all the others. Your favorite sandwiches, pickles, doughnuts, and apples would fill the bill, and why not wrap it all up in a gay cotton kerchief, or arrange it in a cute basket? At the beginning of the evening every girl can place her contribution on the refreshment stand, and one of the committee members can secretly tuck into each basket a piece of paper with the name of a boy present. When eatingtime comes round, each girl goes back to her creation and finds the name of her dinner partner inside. Incidentally, since the girls are providing the food, how about splitting the cost of cider and punch among the boys? It seems only fair.

All rested and relaxed after refreshments? Then, here are a few more suggestions for you. Have you ever tried an apple dance? One couple is given a big red apple (no munching until the end of the dance, please). They pass it on to the next couple, who hand it to the next; whoever is caught with it when the music stops, steps out of the dance. The last two on the floor get red candied apples for their perseverance.

If you want one last mixer before you call it an evening, try a Cinderella dance. Every girl puts one of her shoes in a pile and, without peeking at the shoes on the girls' feet, each boy chooses one shoe in the pile. Each boy dances with the girl wearing the mate to the shoe he picked.

By this time, it's after twelve, and time for all good Cinderellas to head home. Just one more dance? All right, make it a special one, a lucky dance. Before partytime, the committee will have picked out a secret lucky spot on the dance floor. (Poor committee members, they won't be able to compete this time!) Best have the committee members measure this spot's distance from the walls accurately, though, to avoid any confusion in determining the winners. You might have two or more couples so close to the lucky spot that you'll need to get out the ruler and count inches. The couple nearest to the "lucky spot" when the music ends wins two prizes—one for the boy, one for the girl. Pick out thoughtful gifts this time, not just something to nibble. Make it a present the winner will want to take home and keep as a reminder of what, we hope, has been a wonderful party!

THE END



kernels on the ear and write down the figure. The member of the entertainment committee who has been assigned to this game will have counted the kernels before partytime. The winner gets a bag of popcorn.

As everybody is getting ready for the first dance—a square dance—a committee member hands each boy and girl a balloon on which a number has previously been painted. (Black India ink works well.) Every boy will find a girl whose balloon bears the same number as his, and they'll promenade.

After the square dance, you and your guests will certainly be very thirsty. Turn to your refreshment stand, where cider is king tonight. Pour it from big pottery jugs or big pitchers, and don't forget to have plenty of paper cups ready. In case some of your crowd don't care for cider, prepare an orange-cranberry punch, very zesty, very refreshing. For twenty-four tall glassfuls, mix four cans of frozen orange juice, four pint bottles of cranberry juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of lemon juice with two pint bottles of plain soda. Add sugar if desired. Pour over ice cubes in large bowls, decorate with orange slices. Double or triple the recipe according to the size of your party. Serve with a soup ladle.

Another exciting dance is a back-to-back mixer. Have the boys line up facing one wall, the girls facing the opposite. As the



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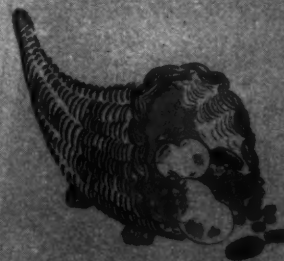
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Look for this full-color tag... your Guarantee of the finest in Quality and Fit.



Perfect for serving fruit, cookies, or candy is this glass dish which stands on wrought-iron legs. \$2.50 at Haig Giftware Co., 335 East 23rd Street, New York City 10

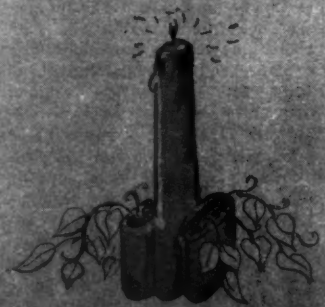


Suitable as a centerpiece and just in time to hold the fruits of the harvest is this cornucopia willow basket. \$2.39, Dennison's, 411 Fifth Ave., New York City 16

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Yours for \$3 each or less



To decorate your table and keep  
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Add a festive note with soft  
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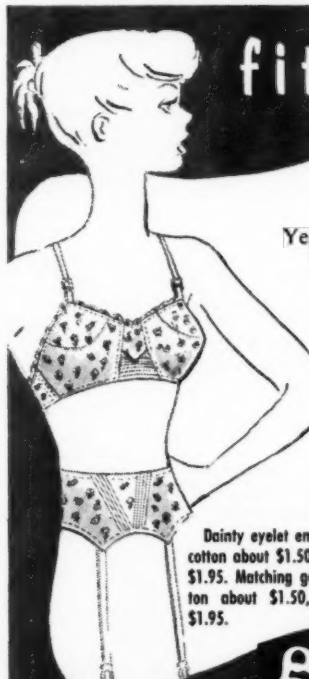


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# Reflect

a  
minute,  
Miss  
Teen!



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Be sure you avoid the fault that others find hard to forgive. Underarm perspiration odor doesn't only happen to "older" people. Teen-agers can offend as well, if they don't watch out.

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Grooming, including colorful Wall Chart, Poster, Manual with leaflet for each girl. Bristol-Myers Co., Educational Service Dept. AG-102, 630 5th Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

## Books (Continued from page 3)

seemed to blow constantly, wild and free, both awed and attracted her. All that sustained her was the promise her parents had made to her grandmother that she could return to East Texas when she was sixteen to attend the Academy with her friends. Melinda yearned for friends in her new home, but there was only vague, dreamy Dennis Kennedy, who "had it so easy" people said he wouldn't amount to much; and untidy, barefoot Annie Foster who could neither read nor write. Picnicking with the Kennedys, Melinda and her sister Katie suffered the terrifying experience of being lost in the wilds. In a storm, during the absence of her father, two Texas "bad men" forced themselves upon the Pierces, and Melinda, supporting her mother's brave stand, felt she was growing up. But the most amazing discovery was the sudden realization that, without clearly understanding how, she had grown to love this new land and wanted to work for it. Suspense and excitement, as readers of this magazine can testify, characterize this fine story of an American family by a Texas author who has long been a favorite with them.

## Betty White's Teen-Age Dance Book.

David McKay, \$2.50. This book is intended for boys and girls who are getting started on the fun of a grown-up social life. It was especially designed for those of you who wish you knew how to dance or how to improve your dancing and who worry about how to behave at parties. It was planned and written by an instructor in social dancing in the Westchester public schools, who realized the need for a self-instruction teen-age manual on social dancing and social poise and know-how. Here are diagrams, drawings, and exact, careful, step-by-step instructions in all the popular social dances. You might take the book in hand and, using the suggested records, try out the fox trot, waltz, or Charleston with your brother or father. Maybe Dad will surprise you. Or you might take it to school and get your crowd or Girl Scout troop to devote several afternoons or lunch periods to practicing the rumba, tango, Lindy, or samba. The second half of the book is devoted to what the introduction calls "accompanying social skills." Most of you will be grateful for the sound advice on planning your own home party, how to be a good hostess, how to be a poised and popular guest, how to organize a public dance such as a school or church affair, ideas for invitations, decorations, refreshments, games, mixers, elimination dances. With this book and a bit of perseverance you may learn how to dance, acquire a sure knowledge of what is what in social behavior, and then go out and have fun.



## Marsha On-Stage! By AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN.

William Morrow and Company, \$2.50. This one is for lovers of the theater and girls who dream of "going on the stage." It is the story of a talented amateur actress, Marsha, and Steve, gifted son of a famous stage couple, who intends to be a playwright. Older girls will be especially pleased, for Marsha and Steve are unusually mature young people. They meet when Steve comes to New Sharon for his

last year at the high school where Marsha is also a senior. Steve plans to open a playhouse as a community little-theater project and to produce his own original plays. Marsha, whose beauty and acting ability have made her the outstandingly successful star of New Sharon plays and, in consequence, a little spoiled and self-willed, especially in matters of the theater, feels antagonistic toward Steve even before she meets him. The clash of wills between these two determined, talented people of single purpose and driving ambition gives their association dramatic excitement. Through two productions (to which Miss Walden's knowledge of the theater gives great realism and interest) the conflict between Marsha and Steve waxes and wanes, while a new relationship grows up between them. This is the sixth of Amelia Elizabeth Walden's successful novels for girls.



## Irish Roundabout. By ISLA MITCHELL.

Dodd, Mead and Company, \$2.75. "Here's a book called 'Harry and Lucy'! It's all about two youngsters who travel about learning things. Why, that's us, Lucy! But it can't be, for it was written in 1810 by Maria Edgeworth." Thus cries young Harry while exploring the fantastic Irish castle of an Alice-in-Wonderland gentleman nicknamed the "Sper-rum Whale." The modern Harry and Lucy, prototypes of the Irish author's characters, have a marvelous time "traveling about and learning things" all over Ireland for six glorious summer weeks. Harry and Lucy, alert, lively youngsters, and their traveling companions—a learned Irish uncle, full of fun and enthusiasm, and an energetic and amusing Irish senator with a passion for fishing—make a jolly company with whom to see Ireland. You may be sure such a group will miss nothing of interest. They visit the big cities, the lovely countryside, the lakes, hills, and beaches. They stay at Big Houses and thatched-roofed cottages. They make friends with great and small, see all sorts of famous and historic spots, soak up Irish history, culture, and charm. The author lived for many years in Ireland, and it is easy to see that she loved every minute of it. If you have an itching foot and a wanderlust in your heart, this travel story of Ireland will delight you. It won't assuage your yearning though, because it will make you wild to go and see for yourself the beauty and unique charm of this cool, green, fairy island. An index makes it easy to find favorite passages for ready reference.



## The Best Loved Trees of America.

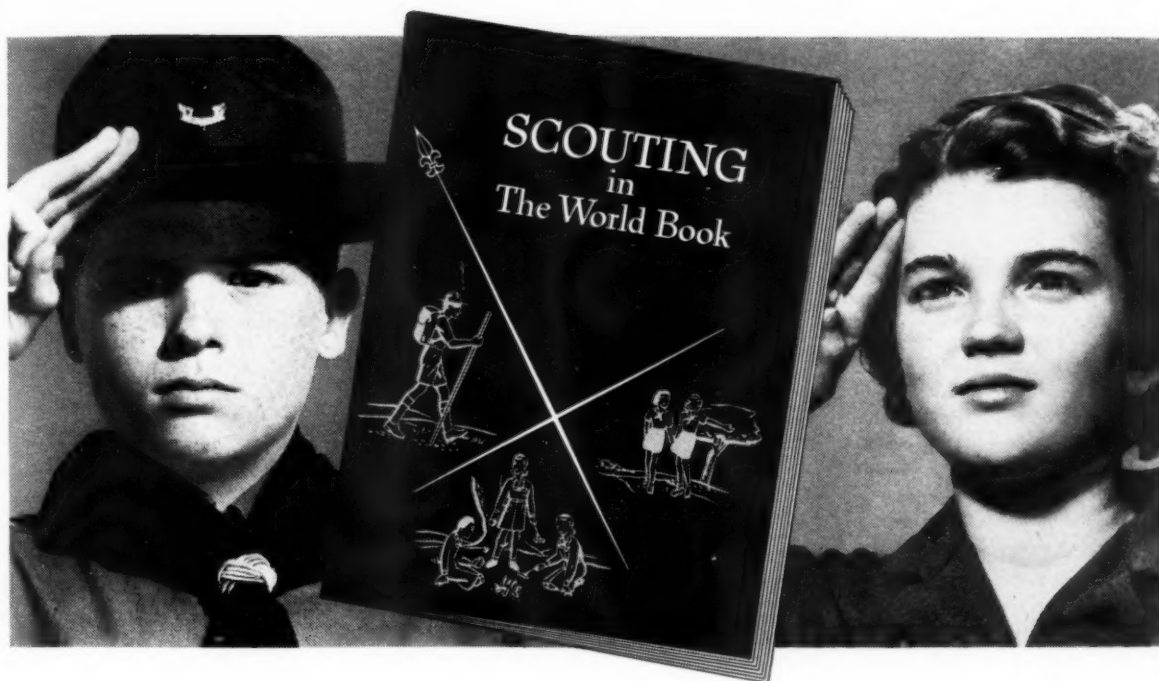
By ROBERT A. LEMMON. Doubleday and Company, \$3.50. Generously illustrated with nearly three hundred beautiful pictures, this is a delightful book for Girl Scouts doing Tree Finder badge, or anyone interested in trees. A famous naturalist gives in lively and readable style basic facts and much interesting and colorful information about fifty-nine of the most popular trees native to the United States. Full descriptions, seasonal variations, striking characteristics are given; how and where they grow, their blossom, fruit, root systems are explained; their uses to man discussed, and charming legends about them related.

THE END

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## Bucky's Horns (Continued from page 13)

slammed it furiously against the tree trunk. As the animal turned, Ruthie got a good look at her. It was Susie! But what could have happened to her? She usually broke down bushes running away.

Bang! The gun went off, the bullet smashing into a nearby limb. Susie dropped the gun as though it were red hot and charged back across the clearing. Then Ruth saw what she was so wild about.

Susie's cub rose with a painful little cry. His foot was caught in a trap, and his mother was ready to whip anything and everything to get him out.

"Are you all right, Ruth?" Mr. Beck called softly so as not to attract the old bear's attention.

"I'm fine for the moment," Ruth answered.

"I've heard of men being treed by a bear," Mr. Beck was still breathing hard, but he was laughing a little. "It looks as though we'll stay up here until that cub gets out of the trap."

"A fine pair of hunters we turned out to be!" Ruth muttered. Night coming on; a valuable gun smashed. People would laugh and say what could one expect from a girl guide.

Then, almost as though he had heard Ruthie's thoughts, Mr. Beck spoke. "We are plenty lucky that one of us wasn't badly hurt. Mrs. Bear wasn't just playing with my gun."

"That's right," the girl admitted; then after a moment she added, "It looks as though we will get to watch this water hole all night, though not just as we had planned."

They found comfortable places to sit, Mr. Beck high up in one side of the big pine tree, Ruthie in the other.

Night came quickly as it does in the mountains. A big yellow moon floated up over the treetops. It was hushed and peaceful, with the wind blowing down the mountain. Game coming down the upper trails would smell neither the bears nor the people.

Somehow it seemed unreal. Ruth, glancing down, saw that she still had her rawhide rope coiled about her shoulder.

Suddenly Mr. Beck gave a start. A dainty little fox was there in the trail. Ruth held her breath. After a long moment, the silver-tip slipped down to the water, drank, and vanished into the shadows without a sound.

"What a beauty!" breathed Mr. Beck.

After that the forest seemed to come alive as shy wild folk came down to drink the water that was lifeblood to them all. Rabbits, a waddly porcupine, three long-faced cow elk. The great bull elk was missing! Probably tied to some hunter's car by now, Ruth thought grimly. White-tailed antelope, a square-whiskered bobcat...

The bears were watchful and quiet when other creatures were present, but when they were alone, the little one whimpered as the mother hovered helplessly over him. Ruth shivered for she knew how that big trap must be cutting into the baby's foot.

Suddenly a big buck and three does appeared. They were gaunt, weary, and wall-eyed with fear, hardly daring to get near enough to the water to drink. They sensed that hunters might be lurking near the water holes, yet their thirst forced them to come.

"There are your horns," Ruthie whispered. The big buck moved down to the water

and the man could see his fine antlers. "Golly," he groaned, "just what I wanted!"

Suddenly the deer wheeled and crashed away through the brush.

"Poor devils," the man muttered. "Crazy with thirst, yet so scared they don't dare drink their fill."

"Maybe it will rain," Ruth offered hopefully. "Then they will have dozens of places to drink instead of just these few."

After that, leaning easily against the tree trunk, she must have dozed for a second or two. She started wide awake as she heard Mr. Beck catch his breath.

Eight deer were drifting down to the pool. Ruth sat up straight, staring. "Oh, no," she whispered. "No, please not Bucky!"

But it was, it was her pet! He stood there watching and listening, his handsome horns held high. Evidently there had been so many hunters on his own home range that he had brought his little herd over here! Ruth breathed a prayer of thanks that Mr. Beck didn't have a gun.

The beautiful buck stood guard until the others had drunk. Then he moved down to the water.

"What a beauty!" the man said. He watched for a moment. Then he asked, "Ruth, is it—it must be Bucky?"

"Yes," Ruth answered, "it is. But I didn't mean to show him to you. This is not his home range. Isn't he wonderful?"

Ruth had not mentioned Bucky to the Becks, but everyone in that part of the country knew of his magnificent horns. They also knew that the ranger's daughter had raised him.

Suddenly Ruth leaned forward. One of the baby fawns seemed sick or confused. Instead of avoiding the spot where the bears huddled together, it moved toward them as the herd milled about.

"Woo-rrr-uff!" Susie snarled, and lunged. Bucky flashed to life; his horns struck the bear full force an instant before her big paw would have crushed the fawn. Then things really happened.

The howls of the bears mingled with the snorts and crashing of the herd of deer as they fled through the brush.

Ruth heard Mr. Beck mutter, then—snap! crash! The man had been leaning forward against a small limb. Now it broke in two, and Mr. Beck plunged down through the smaller branches. One held him for a moment, then it bent and he landed on his feet facing the bear.

Susie had picked herself up after Bucky's charge, her fear and worry turned to mad rage. The deer were gone but here was her enemy—man.

"Run," Ruth shouted. "Run, Mr. Beck!"

She was horrified, sure she was about to see a man killed, and there was nothing she could do about it. Unless—unless—

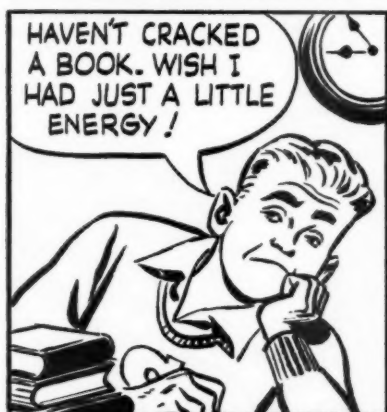
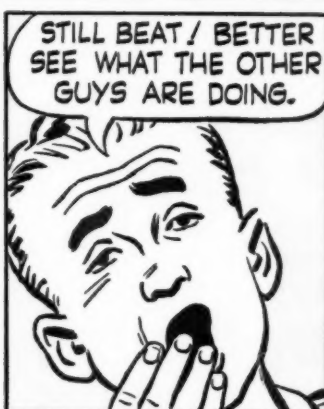
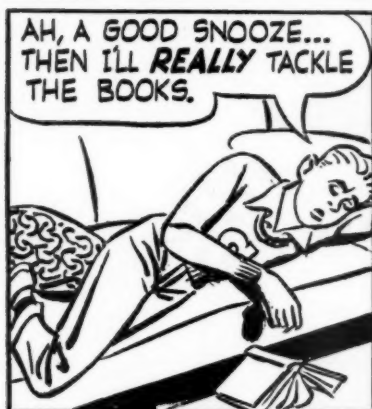
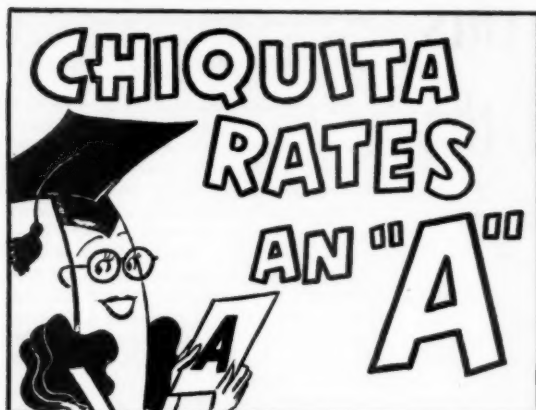
Her rawhide rope was still coiled about her shoulder, the loop ready for action. The limb where Ruthie sat was on the side of the tree nearest Susie. The bear would have to pass directly underneath before she could reach Mr. Beck.

If she could only drop the loop over Susie's head!

The bear came on a run. With all the force she had, Ruth threw the rope down and a little ahead of the animal, winding the other end quickly around a stout limb.

Then she held her breath.





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Suddenly there was a strangled howl. The rope stopped Susie with such force that she slammed into the tree trunk!

"Run! Run for camp!" Ruth called to Mr. Beck. "I can't hold her long."

Mr. Beck ran, and fast!

Susie fought, coughed, and tore at the strangling lariat. Ruth had roped a bear, but now what?

Presently Susie stopped struggling. She turned and looked up at Ruth, and a calculating gleam came into her eye. With a snarl she started for the tree trunk!

Ruth's hand was slipping the rope around the limb, pulling up the slack in the rope as fast as she could. She was so scared that her mouth felt dry! She was breathing as hard as if she were the one who was charging about on the rope. Where, oh, where was Mr. Beck?

Then suddenly the little bear came to life. He had discovered that he was free! Bucky must have stepped on the trap, springing it long enough so the baby bear's foot had been released. Now he realized that he could run.

"Y-yi-yiii!" With a glad little cry he raced up the trail on his three good legs. Susie forgot the rope and the girl and started after him. Ruth was glad to drop her end of the lariat.

Susie, snarling and crashing through the brush, frightened the baby bear so that he nearly tore himself in two trying to get away. They vanished and the noise of their flight gradually faded out!

Ruth took a long breath and suddenly went limp! She had been up in that tree less than three hours but it seemed a lifetime.

*Clippity-clip! Clippity-clip!* The beat of a horse's hoofs at a rapid gallop sounded in the distance and in a few moments Mr. Beck rode into view, carrying another rifle ready for action.

"Yoo-hoo, Ruthie, are you all right?"

Ruth slipped down out of the tree and was just explaining what had happened when Mrs. Beck appeared, mounted and leading Ruth's horse. More explanations followed, and after collecting the broken gun and examining the trap, the group started back to camp.

"I lost a rope and you lost your horns," Ruth said soberly.

"You saved my life," the big man answered seriously. "That bear would probably have killed me if you hadn't roped her."

"And Bucky saved mine by setting the little bear free so Susie didn't come up the tree after me."

They rode in silence for a time, and then Mr. Beck said, "You kept your side of the bargain, Ruth. You showed me two sets of horns—one of them the handsomest I ever hope to see. I'll keep mine and pay you what I offered."

"We-ell," Ruth hesitated, hardly knowing what to say. "That seems unfair to you."

Mr. Beck turned in his saddle and faced her. "I'll never forget this night, Ruth," he said. "It was a thrilling experience, and though I am glad it's over, I wouldn't have missed it for nine hundred dollars. And besides," he gave her an understanding smile, "I think Bucky's horns are on the most beautiful mounting I ever saw, and I hope they stay there a long, long time."

Ruth smiled appreciatively. "Now, you understand why I don't care for a guiding job."

THE END

## Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 27)

Sift together dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Combine egg, milk, and nuts; add to first mixture. Stir lightly with a fork just until the flour is moistened. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead  $\frac{1}{2}$  minute. Roll or pat out  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick and cut into twelve 3" biscuits. Brush six biscuits with melted shortening; place remaining biscuits on top of these, double-decker fashion. Bake at 450° for 12 minutes, or until brown. Separate while hot. Sweeten strawberries to taste, and put between biscuit layers. Garnish with whole strawberries and serve with whipped cream.

Sent by JOAN LOU SASSALI  
Rockford, Illinois

### FROSTED OATMEAL BARS

These bars have a nutty flavor, and are nice to serve with hot or cold drinks.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup quick-cooking oatmeal
1 teaspoon vanilla	1 package semisweet chocolate bits
1 egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pecans

Cream together shortening and brown sugar. Add vanilla. Add egg, and beat well. Stir in flour and oatmeal and blend thoroughly.

Spread mixture in greased 7" x 11" pan and bake at 350° about 20 minutes, or until brown. Cool slightly; then frost with chocolate bits which have been melted over hot—but not boiling—water; sprinkle with pecans. While still warm, cut into bars. Makes about 16 bars.

Sent by GRACE MARIE SCHWARZE  
Houston, Texas

### MOLASSES SPONGE LAYER CAKE

Sponge cake flavored with molasses is a new version of an old favorite.

$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups cake flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder	4 eggs
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
	1 teaspoon vanilla
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda, and salt. Separate eggs and beat yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add molasses a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Beat egg whites until stiff; beat in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar gradually. Fold egg-yolk mixture into whites. Sift a little of the flour mixture over egg mixture and fold in gently. Continue sifting and folding in flour, a little at a time, until all is used. Pour into 2 lightly greased and floured 8" layer pans. Bake in slow over (300°) 40 to 45 minutes. Invert on rack and let cool before removing cake from pans.

### Molasses Peppermint Frosting:

1 cup sugar	2 egg whites
2 tablespoons molasses	4-5 drops oil of peppermint
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water	

Boil sugar, molasses, and water to soft-ball stage (240°). Meanwhile, beat egg whites until stiff. Pour syrup slowly over



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### Pumpkin Chiffon Pie

1. Soften 1 envelope Knox Unflavored Gelatine in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water.
2. In top of double boiler beat 3 egg yolks, slightly.
3. Stir in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups canned pumpkin,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon each: salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, and ginger.
4. Cook over hot water until thickened.
5. Add softened gelatine and stir until thoroughly dissolved.
6. Cool about 10 minutes.
7. Beat 2 egg whites until fluffy; then gradually beat in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar.
8. Fold into gelatine mixture.
9. Turn into 9-inch baked pie shell or crumb crust and chill until firm.
10. Decorate with sweetened whipped cream, if desired, just before serving.

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egg whites, beating constantly. Beat until frosting holds its shape. Add peppermint. Frost layers, top, and sides of cake.

Sent by BONNIE MILSPA W  
Bridgeville, Delaware

### BUTTERSCOTCH CHIFFON PIE

High, light, and golden, this is a festive, but inexpensive, dessert.

- |                                 |                            |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 baked pie shell               | 1 teaspoon vanilla         |
| 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin | 2 egg whites               |
| 2 tablespoons cold water        | 3 tablespoons white sugar  |
| 2 egg yolks                     | 2 teaspoons melted butter  |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk        | 2 tablespoons brown sugar  |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt     | 4 tablespoons chopped nuts |
| 1 tablespoon molasses           | 1 cup whipped cream        |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar   |                            |
| 2 tablespoons butter            |                            |

Soften gelatin in cold water. In top of double boiler mix egg yolks, milk, salt, molasses and  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup brown sugar. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens slightly—about 15 minutes. Remove from heat. Add gelatin, 2 tablespoons butter, and vanilla. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg whites until stiff; gradually beat in white sugar. Fold into first mixture. Pile into baked pie shell and chill until firm. Combine melted butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, and nuts. Decorate pie with puffs of whipped cream sprinkled with this nut topping.

Sent by CAROL LINN TURNER  
Clarkdale, Arizona

### BLITZ TORTE

This luscious torte is very rich, so keep the servings small. You can always offer seconds!

- |                              |  |
|------------------------------|--|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening | 1 teaspoon baking powder                   |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar      | 4 egg whites                               |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt  | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar                    |
| 4 egg yolks                  | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced, blanched almonds |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla           | 1 tablespoon sugar                         |
| 3 tablespoons milk           | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon            |
| 1 cup cake flour             |  |

Cream together shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, and salt until light. Add well-beaten egg yolks, vanilla, and milk, and blend well. Sift flour and baking powder together and

add to first mixture, beating thoroughly. Turn into 2 round, greased cake tins. Beat egg whites until frothy; gradually beat in  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar, and continue beating until stiff. Spread over batter in pans. Combine almonds, sugar, and cinnamon, and sprinkle over egg whites in pans. Bake at  $350^{\circ}$  about 30 minutes. Remove from pans and cool. Put together with cream filling.

### Cream Filling:

- |                             |                      |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar     | 2 egg yolks          |
| 3 tablespoons cornstarch    | 2 tablespoons butter |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | 2 cups milk, scalded |
|                             | 1 teaspoon vanilla   |

Combine sugar, cornstarch, salt, and egg yolks. Beat thoroughly. Add butter, and just enough milk to make a smooth paste. Combine with remaining milk and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Remove from heat and cool. Add vanilla. If desired, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nut meats.

Sent by SHARON J. ANDERSON  
Canton, Ohio

### MERINGUES GLACÉS

Filled with ice cream and topped with a sauce, these are fancy enough for any occasion.

- |  |                                |
|--|--------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt            | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar        |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla |
| 2 egg whites                           | 1 pint ice cream Sauce         |

Add salt and cream of tartar to egg whites and beat with rotary beater until foamy. Beat in sugar gradually, and continue beating until very stiff. Add vanilla. Cover a cookie sheet with a piece of brown paper, lightly buttered. Drop meringue on paper by tablespoonfuls. With the back of a spoon, make a hollow in the center of each about  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " across, with a high rim. Bake in a very slow oven ( $250^{\circ}$ ) 1½ hours, until delicately brown and dry. Transfer paper to a damp board or other flat surface. Remove warm meringues with a spatula. Cool. When ready to serve, fill with ice cream garnished with a sauce. Try peppermint ice cream with chocolate sauce; or vanilla with a fruit or hot-fudge sauce; or make up a special combination all your own.

Sent by ELAINE CRISMAN  
Jamaica, New York  
THE END

## Cooking Department (Recipe Exchange)

### Subject: Low-Calorie Dishes

Each month we will announce in the magazine the kind of cookery for which we wish recipes. The recipe you send in **MUST** be one that you have used successfully. For every recipe printed in the magazine, THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

We should also like to receive letters telling how and why you have found your recipe especially helpful or valuable.

### FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes and letters must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink.
2. Recipes and letters must be on separate sheets. Recipes should be written on one side of the paper only.

### Date Due: October 20, 1952

3. In the upper right-hand corner of the recipe sheet, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
4. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
5. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
6. Address all entries to Cooking Editor, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

## Helping Hands (Continued from page 20)

orangewood stick to remove every last vestige of dirt from under your nail tips and your manicure is finished, unless you want to use nail enamel.

Applying polish is a small art; it should never be a sloppy, hurried job. Use an undercoat of fixative if you want the enamel to stay put. The younger you are, the paler the tint of your enamel should be, if you want to look well-groomed rather than like a little girl playing at being a movie starlet. It's fun to experiment once in a while with deep-red polish just to see what it looks like, but don't wear it to school or to any place where you want to be taken seriously.

The technique of applying enamel is not difficult to master, but it requires a little practice. Using a well-filled brush, paint down the center of the nail in one stroke. Then go back and, guiding the brush carefully, fill in the sides. The trick is not to go outside the nail surface. It is not only easier but looks best to cover the whole nail. If you do want a white edge on your nail, wipe off the tips with a bit of face tissue. Should the enamel spread over into the cuticle, wipe off the excess with a cotton-tipped orangewood stick dipped in polish remover. When the enamel chips off at the edges, after a day or so, it is possible to do a repair job by giving the whole nail one more coat. But after that, better start all over again. Don't, under any circumstances, go around with half-peeled-off polish. Better no polish at all!

No matter how carefully you groom your hands, the results cannot be satisfying if you are guilty of nail biting! Nails nibbled down to the quick are a fine target for bacteria, and infections can follow in short order. It's an unattractive habit you can start overcoming this minute if you put your mind to it.

**H**ow do you wash your hands? Have you ever thought that half of their good looks depends on the method you use in washing them? A lick and a promise, a dab of hot water, and a swish of soap is no way to go about it. Never use very hot water; wash them well with a mild soap and warm water, and then rinse them thoroughly with fresh cool water. Soapy water left on the hands is one of the causes of

redness and, in winter, chapping. Always dry your hands carefully and take time to give the cuticles of the nails a little shove back where they belong as you dry each finger. This helps a great deal in keeping them soft. Use hand lotion after every washing if you want to be very particular, or just after your bath at night. But use it especially in the wintertime or after doing any dirty work which requires strong soaps. Another word to the wise: you'll save wear and tear on your hands if you wear gloves when doing such rough work as building a campfire or digging in the garden.

How do you use your hands? Do you wave them around in the air like a frightened White Rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland" or do you use them gracefully and only when necessary? Watch yourself here. It is interesting to look at ourselves once in a while from the point of view of the spectator. It helps to stop fidgeting, picking at things, twisting our fingers around, all the unlovely habits of the unrepented. That doesn't mean you have to sit like a statue frozen in space. A certain amount of gesturing can be very attractive. It's the incessant moving about of the hands that betrays the restless mind.

Perhaps your arms need some attention, too, for beauty's sake. You may think they are hideous because of the sudden growth of hair which so often appears just about now in your life. This may not be so at all, for a certain amount of hair on the arms is perfectly normal, especially if you are a brunette. In any case, do not try to remove it. Often this first growth of hair wears off in the course of time and never returns, or at least not so heavily. If the skin of your arms seems coarsened, perhaps after a session of summer sports, give them attention with hand lotion too. And don't forget your elbows!

Next to your face, your hands are the most important expressions of your personality. You can't change their shape, but you can so easily control what they tell about you, about your habits of care and cleanliness, about the interest you show in other people by keeping them still when other people are talking, about your own feeling for grace and co-ordination of mind and body. See that yours tell a good story.

THE END

## Columnist by Request (Continued from page 25)

Louisville, Kentucky, was Joyce's birthplace, but she has lived in most of the forty-eight States, and in Mexico and Hawaii. Her father is a chief petty officer in the Navy, so the family has moved often.

Hawaii she remembers vividly as one of her favorite places. She tells enthusiastically of the fascinating museums; of watching the flower-sellers making beautiful, fragrant leis in the street; of bananas for four cents a pound; and of the year-round warm weather.

Before taking up reporting, Joyce had always planned to be a nurse. Now, at fifteen and in the eleventh grade, she still has not decided definitely between journalism and nursing as her career. She thinks it might be interesting to combine the two and work on the staff of a medical journal.

But one thing she does know is that she wants to go to college. With this in mind, she has been saving most of the money from

her reporting, and has over \$300 saved so far toward a college education.

In our last report from Joyce she tells us that she is still happily writing for the Vallejo "News-Chronicle." And at last she knows what it feels like to be sitting on the other side of the editor's desk, for she spent last semester editing her school paper, the "Franklin Post," and coediting her year book. Her newest interest is tennis, and faithful hours of practice have brought her both a gold and a silver award from the Greater Vallejo Recreation District.

Just recently a new honor came to Joyce when her classmates chose her to be one of the princesses in her school's annual "Mayfair" celebration. But to the people of Vallejo, California, this is just another sign of their columnist's indomitable spirit that will take her to the top every time no matter what job she tackles.

THE END

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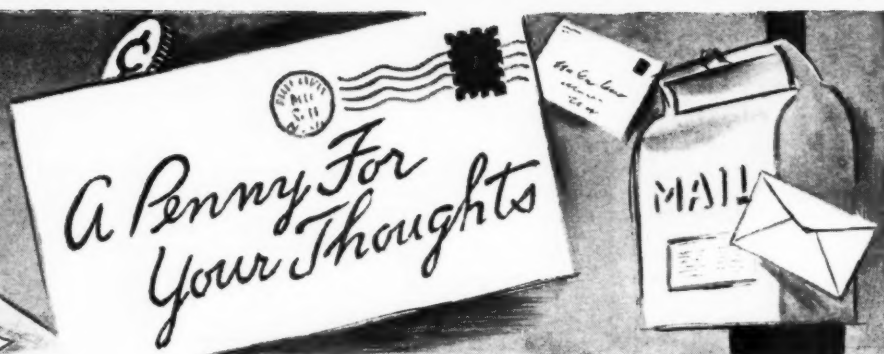
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**MARLOW, ENGLAND:** I have had *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for five months, and I enjoy it very much. There is nothing to compare with it in England.

I go to boarding school, twenty miles from home. We study English, French, Latin, Scripture, history, geography, citizenship, biology, and math; we do gym, hockey, tennis, rounders, and you can also do dancing, cricket, music, riding, and German. We only have small boys up to eight years, but girls, boarding and day, till seventeen. We wear brown tunics, blazers, hats and berets, white blouses and turquoise sweaters and girdles in winter and brown-and-white check dresses in the summer. We are not allowed slacks, and only school-uniform shorts for games. We are not allowed to eat ices or any food in the streets when in school uniform. We go to bed at 8:15 P.M., in dormitories of three to ten. This sounds an awful life, but we *love* it! It is very different from American schools, I think. I enjoy especially the recipes and fashions, alas unmakeable in England. *By You* is far above the English standard, but I find *A Penny for Your Thoughts* extremely dull.

JENNIFER COOK (age 15)

**BONHAM, TEXAS:** Books was awfully good in the August issue. They all sound divine.

I wear glasses and wish that you would have an article for girls who do wear them.

I think that it would be nice if you would sell a binder to hold a year's subscription of *AMERICAN GIRL*.

DOLORES CASE (age 12)

**CONCORDIA, ARGENTINA:** Since coming to Argentina from my home State of Florida, your magazine means more to me than ever before. In Concordia it is not possible to buy American magazines, so I must rely on *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to keep me in touch with home.

Fashions are quite different here, but Mother uses your patterns for my dresses. But poor Guthrie, my three-year-old brother, gets no American pattern books and so looks like a gaucho in his *bombachas* and poncho. Speaking of gauchos (Argentine cowboys), Gene Tierney and Rory Calhoun were here in Concordia recently, making a picture about gaucho life, and I had a very exciting week living "on location" with the stars at Mr. Hyland's *estancia* where part of the picture was made. The movie ought to be showing soon in the States, and you can see the kind of country in which I am living.

May I ask you to let me say "hello" to all my friends in the troop at Lake Alfred, Florida? I hope it will not be long before I can join them again.

CAROL JEAN KNORR (age 11)

**BUTLER, WISCONSIN:** I live about eight miles from the city of Milwaukee, in the little village of Butler. I do not like Butler as much as I like Milwaukee, because we do not have any department stores or any good transportation in Butler.

Every year at this time (August) we have a Frontier Days celebration. It lasts for three days and everyone in Butler gets in on the fun and work. People from all over come, and it really is quite beautiful with all the floats and parades. Even the little children get in on the fun and decorate their toy wagons, bikes, and buggies.

I think that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is the best magazine I have ever read or heard of. Your May and June covers were cute, but the July cover tops them all. I didn't like the August cover as well as the rest.

I know that you are supposed to have *THE AMERICAN GIRL* on your covers, but couldn't you have *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and a horse or dog?

ANDREA BROOKS (age 13)

**BELLMAWR, NEW JERSEY:** I enjoy reading *All Over the Map* as I am a First Class Scout in Troop 137. I am a patrol leader in charge of all Tenderfoots. My duty is to prepare them to become Second Class Scouts. Our troop is preparing for the Brownie fly-up to be held in November.

I think *By You* gives a wonderful opportunity for girls to show their hidden talents. I was thrilled when you added photography to *By You* as this is my hobby.

BARBARA KRIMSON (age 13)

#### UN BIRTHDAY

The whole world will be celebrating a very special birthday this month when October 24 arrives, for this is the seventh anniversary of the birth of the United Nations. And the seven candles burning in the cakes of many nations will be expressing the people's faith in brotherhood among men and in the hope for world peace. Want to join in the celebration? Then follow the advice of the National Citizens' Committee for UN Day and give your own UN birthday party or start one in your school, church, or club. Plan to have international food, decorations, and entertainment and invite guests from other lands. Of course, no birthday party is complete without gifts, so ask your guests to bring money contributions which will go toward sending presents and greetings to those in less fortunate UN countries. For help in planning your UN Birthday Party and for information on where gift money should be sent, contact one of your local community organizations or write directly to National Citizens' Committee for United Nations Day, 816-21st St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C., for free copies of United Nations Day Party Book, 1952.

**STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK:** The stories and art work in *By You* are very good and certainly worthy of the award. "Who's a Softy?", "How High the Moon," and "Stairs at Midnight" were among my favorites in the August edition.

I especially like *Good-by, Indian Prince* and *High-Wire Act. Big Show in the Sky* was very good. I wish you would print more articles on astronomy.

BARBARA TURNER

**SPRING VALLEY, MINNESOTA:** Today when I took *THE AMERICAN GIRL* out of the mailbox I noticed that it was thicker and it felt heavier than usual, and I thought that there must be something extra in the already wonderful magazine.

I wasn't disappointed either for I enjoyed the article *Susie Goes to Market* very much, for I have often wondered how so many clothes could be made and how so many unusual styles were found.

I also picked out several outfits for school. That was wonderful in itself. So easy, no sore feet, feeling hot, tired, or cranky.

I enjoyed the stories in the August issue. Found there was an extra one, a delightful surprise!

WILMA KRAHN (age 16)

**SAO PAULO, BRAZIL:** I was very interested to see Sally Kerr's letter (from Poona, India) in your July issue, because she was in my sister's class when we lived in Bronxville. Her rather isolated life is quite different from ours, here, where the American society is rapidly growing. We go to as many parties (if not more) as our pals in the United States. However, I am always glad to receive *AMERICAN GIRL* because I like to see the current movies and records. I love your serials, and *Double Date* ended perfectly.

MARIAN JACOBSEN (age 14)

**MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY:** Congratulations on your back-to-school fashions. I think the *Twixteen* fashions are super.

*Good-by, Indian Prince* and Part Four of *The Wind Blows Free* were excellent. *Susie Goes to Market* was a very interesting article. *By You* is even better now than ever. I think the First Photography Award was very well earned. I do not go along with Marilyn Hiett, for it's the readers' thoughts that make a good magazine. I do think your jokes could improve a great deal.

I have just sent my July issue to my pen pal in England. She loves it dearly.

JOANNE ARONSON (age 13)

**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA:** Hats off . . . *AMERICAN GIRL*! I just received your August issue today, and I've already finished it.



As a girls' magazine, it rates first place!

I enjoyed *High-Wire Act* and I am also very pleased with your fashions and especially your beauty tips!

As soon as I'm finished each month my mother and sixteen-year-old brother grab for it. I've taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for five years, and I've saved every issue. There's no telling when your recipes, patterns, or beauty tips might come in handy.

KARAN KARDOS (age 14)

**RICHMOND, VIRGINIA:** I especially enjoyed *Cut a Fine Figure*, *Susie Goes to Market*, and *High-Wire Act*. I have only one request. Please have more vocational medical articles and stories. Thank you!

ANN BUCHE (age 14)

**OAHU, HAWAII:** I enjoy every part of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, but the part that I enjoy most is *A Penny For Your Thoughts* and *By You*. I hope that the crossword puzzles will be printed in every issue, and in the future please have an article on "Teen-Ager . . . Hawaiian Style."

I live in a little town called Aiea on the island of Oahu. Aiea is about eight miles from Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands.

The Hawaiian motto, "*Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono*" means "The life of the land is preserved in righteousness." Our official flower is the Hibiscus. And the colors of the Hawaiian flag are white, blue, and red. Hawaii's national anthem is "Hawaii Pono."

JANICE SAITO (age 14)

**GENE AUTRY, OKLAHOMA:** This is a very small town but it is on the map! The movie star, Gene Autry, bought a huge ranch some three miles from here. He made a beautiful place out of the farm and run-down pastures. But, he bought this ranch, the people decided to name the town, then Berwyn, Oklahoma, in honor of him. I remember the celebration as if it were just this afternoon! There were thousands of people and band after band in the several-mile parade.

I think loads of my home town. This September I will be a sophomore in Berwyn High School, Gene Autry, Oklahoma.

MURR NELSON (age 15)

**SWANSEA, WALES:** I feel I must write and congratulate you on your wonderful magazine. We have nothing to equal it over here. I receive copies from my pen friend.

I am in the Guides and am Patrol Leader of the Kingfisher Patrol. In August I am going to the International Guide Camp, which is being held in Buckinghamshire, England. I expect many Girl Scouts who read this magazine will be attending it. There will be Guides from twenty-two countries there.

I think your stories are especially good, and I also like your fashions. I like to read about the Girl Scouts because I am able to compare it with the Guides.

I take copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to school to lend to my friends who are all as fond of it as I am.

MARGARET THORNE (age 15)

**PLATTERVILLE, WISCONSIN:** I fully disagree with Irene Hayes on having a picture of a horse on the cover of your lovely magazine. Your magazine is for stories and fashions, not a farm magazine.

Personally, I think your stories are wonderful, and your fashions are just out of this

# TEEN-TYPES

## The date-stealer:

She's out for every boy who's with another girl. It's easy to see why she can't keep a man of her own. What boy wants a girl who concentrates on everyone but him?



## The talking machine:

Just try and turn off her chatter! She has words to spill on every subject, but her favorite is herself. Whenever will she learn people like to talk about themselves, not hear about her?



## The "blue baby":

Every day is "sadderday" for her, but the saddest are the ones she circles in blue on her calendar each month. She ought to look at that clever book "Growing Up and Liking It"!



## Every teen

should own a copy of this wise, helpful little book. It tells all you want and need to know about menstruation. Gives physical facts plus tips on how to look and feel your best during your period. No charge, either; "Growing Up and Liking It" is a present to you from the makers of Modess, the soft-as-it-is-safe napkin.

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world. Your story *Chipped Out of the Rough* was especially interesting to me because I love golf.

MARY ANN RUDERDORF (age 14)

**BROOKLYN, NEW YORK:** Hurray for THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine for your August issue. The fashions for back-to-school were beautiful. *Good-by, Indian Prince* and *High-Wire Act* were excellent. I'm sorry to say that I did not like *Chipped Out of the Rough*. *The Wind Blows Free* is superb.

I am a Girl Scout and find your Scout news wonderful.

CAROLYN KATZ (age 11)

**HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA:** I just had to write and tell you how wonderful the August issue is! The fashions are the best ever. I'm going to get most of my fall clothes from these fashions.

MERYLE POPE (age 15)

**TRIUMPH, MINNESOTA:** We join many others in saying your magazine is swell. Usually your jokes are pretty good and some of your magazine covers are darling. However, the one of a cat along with the article, *Life with a Siamese Cat* aroused the jealousy of our dog, Colonel Skiffington the First. He is a darling little pedigreed cocker spaniel with a fat little nose generously sprinkled with little rust freckles. He is very sensitive and cries if you make fun of him. He is extremely good-natured, therefore being a victim of our taking advantage of him. He is about the best pet you could have and unless you want to hurt his feelings, have a story on cockers.

LINDA WYMAN (age 12)

KRISTINE PETERSON (age 14)

**BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN:** Good-by, *Indian Prince* was good and *Chipped Out of the Rough* was wonderful. I wish you would have more animal stories. I love your fashions and beauty tips too.

This month a friend and I are planning to enter a photograph in *By You*. We thought it would be easy to go to the farm and to take some animal pictures, but every time we got ready to take the pictures, the animals would move or run away and the kittens and the dog didn't like to have their picture taken together. It took over an hour and a half to take four pictures!

BARBARA HOBART (age 12)

**WEST WAREHAM, MASSACHUSETTS:** As I am a First Class Scout and working for my Curved Bar, I enjoy your Girl Scout articles very much.

I have a Labrador Retriever puppy and I wish you would have some articles on the training of dogs. I plan to be an air-line hostess after I graduate. Won't you please have some articles on careers?

The fashions for back-to-school are lovely. I have planned to send for a few of them. I have also bought and read many of the books which you have reviewed.

JUDITH WILSON (age 13)

**CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA:** I enjoyed the August fashion section very much. I have my back-to-school fashions picked out now.

*High-Wire Act* and *Chipped Out of the Rough* were tops.

CORKIE LEFEVER

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

## The Wasp

(Continued from page 11)

you one. Stop after class and I'll see that you get one."

But Leslie didn't stop after class because she wasn't going to read any of the old plays anyway.

The next day Miss Allen called on Leslie again. "Leslie, what would you say is the theme of the play 'Gold'?"

Leslie said, "I haven't read it."

Miss Allen's face flushed. "Why not?"

"I don't have a book," Leslie answered and the class gasped, remembering the same scene the day before.

Miss Allen looked angry. "I'd like to see you after class, Leslie," she said, "and don't slip out without seeing me. Do you understand?"

For the rest of the period Miss Allen didn't smile at all and everyone was very quiet. When the bell rang and the others left, Leslie remained in her seat and stared at the red geraniums in the window box and thought, Stupid flowers! Stupid room! Stupid teacher! After Miss Allen had finished giving out back assignments, the room was quiet. There was just Miss Allen and Leslie and the radiator that sizzled and the minute hand of the clock that bounced time onward every couple of minutes with a loud jerk.

Miss Allen walked up the aisle, sat down at the desk in front of Leslie and asked, "Leslie, what's the trouble? Why aren't you doing your work?"

Leslie looked down at the picture of a peanut vendor she was drawing.

"Most of the students like plays," Miss Allen went on. "Don't you?"

"They're all right."

"Have you joined any clubs yet or gone out for sports? You play tennis?"

Leslie shook her head.

"Maybe you'd like to learn. Our tennis coach, Miss Martin, was runner-up for girls' champion a few years ago at Forest Hills."

Leslie's fingers traced the initials that had been cut into the desk. Miss Allen looked at her for a moment and then asked, "What school did you come from?"

"Elizabeth Irwin."

"I know how difficult it is to adjust to a large school after a small private school like Elizabeth Irwin," Miss Allen said.

Leslie looked at the geraniums.

"Leslie, please look at me!"

Leslie turned her head, but her eyes refused to meet Miss Allen's.

"I'm beginning to think you're spoiled and selfish, Leslie," the teacher said. "But whatever is the matter, you won't be happy until you stop brooding about yourself and learn that there are other people in the world and you have to live with them. I wish you would let me help you. If you don't do your work, I can't pass you in English. You may go now."

Leslie said good night and left.

Dead to the flaming autumn foliage, the burning blue of the October sky, and the crisp exhilaration of the crystal-bright day, Leslie hurried home in a fury. Miss Allen's words "spoiled and selfish" marched up and down in her mind. I certainly am not spoiled, she thought. There's no one to spoil me any more, not really—not to spoil me because they love me. And what was that the teacher had said about learning there were other people in the world? Well, maybe there were other people in other worlds, but



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not in hers. It was hollow. It was so small she was the only one left in it, so cramped she could hardly turn. She used to feel herself dancing and laughing inside, but not any more. Now she was hard and tight and her real self couldn't break loose. And her head was aching again.

The next afternoon, Miss Allen said, "The first thing I want to do is assign the parts for the scenes to be presented two weeks from today in assembly. I thought we might do a cutting of the scene from 'The Taming of the Shrew' in which Petruchio tries to tame the violent Katherine. I—" She stopped, interrupted by calls of:

"Oh, may I be Katherine?"

"Oh, Miss Allen, please may I?"

Miss Allen looked puzzled.

"It was on television last night, Miss Allen," Nancy explained. "It was dreamy."

"Buzz, I wondered if you'd be Petruchio?"

Miss Allen asked.

Buzz looked a little sheepish. "I don't care," he said. "Sure, I guess so."

"And then I thought," Miss Allen went on while the class waited, wondering who was to play opposite Buzz, "I thought Leslie might play Katherine?"

No one said a word. No one patted Leslie on the back and said, "Nice going!" Leslie didn't answer at once. It would be nice to be waspish and tell people what you thought of them. Maybe she'd do it. She lifted her head and nodded.

"Good!" Miss Allen said. "Here are your scripts. I'll be here every morning at eight if you want to rehearse in the auditorium."

Although Leslie showed no sign of her pleasure, she welcomed the idea of eight-o'clock rehearsals because she could eat breakfast alone before Jean and her father came down. Consequently, especially since Buzz didn't seem to mind getting to school early, they rehearsed almost every day. Leslie was grateful to Buzz, although she never let him know it, because he didn't bother her. He took the scene as she did—as a school assignment—and never tried to make conversation with her, as others did.

After several mornings of a perfect run-through, Buzz said, "Well, Leslie, I guess we're as ready as we'll ever be. Shall I ask Miss Allen to watch us rehearse tomorrow?"

"Okay," Leslie said. But even as she answered she felt a thrust of disappointment. Why, she would miss these rehearsals. She would miss bouncing the lines back and forth with Buzz. Something about the scene made her feel tingling and alive, almost like her own self again. She loved hearing Buzz say, "Come, come, you wasp; i' faith you are too angry!" And shooting back at him "If I be angry, best beware my sting." But the best part of all, she thought, was to hear Buzz, his voice strangely soft and gentle, say the lines she, too, now knew by heart:

"I find you passing gentle.

Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen.

And now I find report a very liar: For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers."

Somehow he said them as if he, Buzz, not Shakespeare, had written them from his heart. That was foolish, of course. He was a good actor. That was all.

Two days later, Leslie, in a blue velvet gown that hugged her small waist and fell in soft folds over the hoops of a farthingale,

was standing backstage in the auditorium, waiting for Buzz. The stiff white ruff of her costume scratched her neck, the palms of her hands were wet, and she felt cold and miserable, and wondered why she had ever been foolish enough to become involved in all this. And then she saw Buzz coming toward her in a crimson doublet and long black stockings.

Buzz stopped when he saw Leslie and whistled. He beamed on her and asked, "You look swell, Leslie. What's the matter?"

"I'm scared, Buzz. I'm scared," Leslie said, her eyes beginning to fill with tears.

"You silly kid!" Buzz said, patting her on the shoulder. "Why, you're wonderful. You're gonna slay 'em. Want to run over the lines?"

"No, no, I guess not. You'll give me the cue if I forget, Buzz?"

"Sure I will, Leslie. You okay now?"

"I—I guess so."

"How about letting me walk you home tonight, Leslie?"

"All right, Buzz, if—if, I live through this!" Leslie said and managed a little laugh.

"Atta girl. Here goes," Buzz said and signaled that they were ready.

Miss Allen hurried up to them, whispered, "You look stunning!" and went away again. Buzz gave Leslie's hand a squeeze and walked on stage. Leslie followed, remembering, in spite of the little nerve that kept jumping up and down in her upper lip, that she was supposed to be a proud Katherine.

On through the tempestuous scene they went, and Leslie could feel that the audience was listening to every word. She heard them gasp aloud when she struck Buzz soundly across the cheek and he answered, "I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again." But when Buzz grasped her arms and shook her gently and said: "Thou must be married to no man but me: For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;" she forgot students, teachers, and the scratchy ruff. She was Katherine and Buzz was Petruchio, and they were lost in a moment of time years ago. She was spiraled back into the present only when the audience broke into applause.

Later, in class, Miss Allen said, "That was beautifully done, Leslie and Buzz. Let's see what the class noticed about your acting. Yes, Nancy?"

"Well, they both seemed to be really in their parts and they stayed in them. I thought they were simply marvelous!"

"The costumes helped to get us in the mood," Laura added. "It was wonderful."

The class continued to discuss the scene for some time. Miss Allen was pleased with the performance and the enthusiastic approval of the class.

After class Buzz said, "And you were scared!"

"Oh I was, Buzz!" Leslie said. "But you helped me. You really did."

"I'll see you at the front door as soon as you're ready."

"Okay, Buzz," Leslie said, and ran down the hall.

Students smiled at her and called out, "Good work, Leslie." "You were wonderful."

She found herself smiling back at them. It seemed as if the icy fingers that had been clamped on her heart for so long had opened and she could breathe freely again. She saw the sun flooding through the tall windows and it felt warm and good. She was a little giddy with release and happiness.

When she appeared at the front door a

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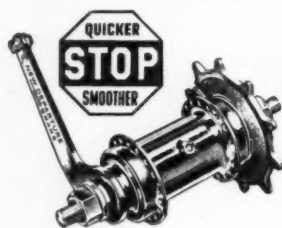
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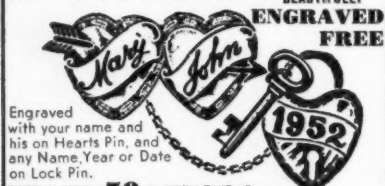


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few minutes later, Buzz was already there. "Hi, Katherine!" he said. "Didn't take you long."

He held open the heavy door saying, "Well, it certainly went over all right."

"Did—did I hurt you when I slapped you?"

"Sure you did. See how loose my jaw is?" Buzz said, wiggling his jaw.

"Oh, you!" Leslie giggled. Then taking a deep breath of the October air, she said, "Gee, it's a nice day. What's that bush with the bright berries?"

"That's barberry."

"And what are those orange berries on that tree?"

"Bittersweet."

"And those small, shaggy flowers walking up to that house?"

"A kind of chrysanthemum. Say, Leslie don't you know *any* flowers?"

"Not many—roses, orchids, gardenias. I've lived in the city all my life. I didn't know boys liked flowers."

"This one does," Buzz said. "Say, you see that little plant over there, between those rocks? It has a blue flower that blooms in early spring. Do you know it?"

Leslie shook her head.

"That's scilla. It's a beautiful blue, like the sky in summer. You know what it reminds me of, Leslie?"

"No."

"Can't you guess?"

"No, Buzz. I—I can't."

"Then I won't tell you."

"Oh, Buzz, you're mean!"

They walked along for a few minutes in silence. Then Buzz said, "Say, Leslie, do you play tennis?"

"No, but I'm going to learn. Miss Allen told me how good the girls' coach is. Miss Allen's terrific, isn't she?"

"Sure is!"

"Oh, Buzz, look at that beautiful tree!"

"That's a birch. You know what?"

"What, Buzz?"

"I think I'd better teach you a few things about nature. How about taking your first lesson at the dance Friday night? I ought to teach you the difference between pine and fir and hemlock as a first step."

"Should you?"

"Of course!" Buzz said. "We can't have citizens of Beechdale going around not knowing what trees they're bumping into!"

Leslie laughed and didn't answer for a moment. She could feel the world stretching out wide—wide enough for her and Buzz and Daddy and Jean and everybody. She turned to Buzz, "If I go, will you tell me what the little blue scilla flower reminds you of?"

"Could be. Say, we're almost at Larch's. Would the prettiest 'Kate in Christendom' like a coke?"

Leslie stopped, raised her head arrogantly, and said, "They call me Katherine that do talk of me!"

Then they both laughed. Leslie said, "I must be getting home. My—my mother will want to hear about the play."

Buzz pulled some pine needles from a tree and dropped them on Leslie's head. She shook them off and he said, "Nay, come, Kate: you must not look so sour."

Quickly came the answer from Leslie: "It is my fashion when I see a crab."

They both laughed again and again and again, and their laughter belonged to youth, and to the bright autumn day, and to the wide, wide world.

THE END.





Sol Kohn

## Witch-Craft

by HELEN WOLFE

YOU don't need a magic potion to brew up a wicked-looking o.d. witch like the one we have shown above. All you need are a few scraps of black and colored crepe paper (don't throw away the leftovers after you have completed your Halloween decorations), plus some easily found odds and ends such as newspaper, a small branch, a few pipe cleaners, and some straw. After an hour or so of more fun than work, you will be proudly looking at your finished witch just as our Prize Purchase model is doing on page 21.

At such next-to-nothing cost, you will want to make a number of these weird and wonderful party props. Try setting off your Halloween table with a witch centerpiece. Have her stirring a "brewing" pot filled with orange and licorice candies. If your class is having a Halloween party, surprise your teacher and friends by bringing in your little witch as a classroom decoration. Or you may want to make several witches and present them to friends or hospitalized children.

To get free, simple instructions for making your little witch, send a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope to Craft Editor, The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

## The Wind Blows Free

(Continued from page 17)

and Carolyn in your care," he said. Then he kissed them and rode off.

At the end of the first week Papa came home to spend Sunday. "It's going fine," he said. "They should be here by September. By the way, Dennis Kennedy is back."

Dennis! Melinda's heart began to thump at the sound of his name.

The next day a knock came at the dug-out door and when Mama opened it, Dennis stepped into the room.

"Why hello, Dennis," Mama said cordially. "We haven't seen you for a long time."

"Hello," Dennis said, looking at Melinda.

"Hello," she said as casually as she could. How tall he had grown! She tried not to remember the last time she had seen him and hoped he had forgotten it.

Dennis turned to Mama. "Manilla Foster is very sick. Nick has ridden to Amarillo for the doctor, and he thought, well—"

"That I should go to the Fosters," Mama finished.

"Yes, ma'am, but he forgot Mr. Pierce wasn't here. I guess you can't leave."



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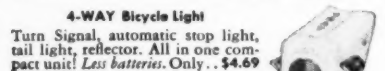
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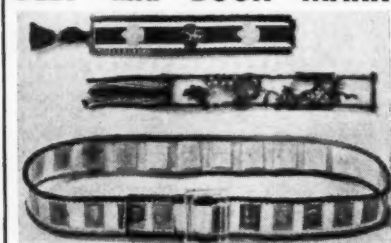


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Mama hesitated only a moment. "Of course, I can go," she said. "You ride ahead and tell them I'm coming."

Dennis looked at her gratefully. "I'm glad, Mrs. Pierce. They're pretty much upset."

As soon as he had gone, Mama turned to Melinda. She gave her a kind of sizing-up look, as if she were measuring her inside. "I have to go, Melinda. I can't ignore a neighbor's need. That means you'll be here alone with the children tonight, but you'll get along all right. The boys are to do the chores. Then you will all come into the house and stay here until morning. You are not to light a lamp. Just go to bed as soon as it grows dark, and you are not to go outside for anything. Understand?"

They promised to be careful and presently Mama rode off on Prince.

When supper was over and the dishes done, they sat inside the dugout, trying not to notice the great quiet.

"It's just about dark," Melinda decided, with a cheerfulness she did not feel. "Let's go to bed as we promised Mama we would."

Melinda did not know how long she had been asleep when something awakened her.

"Help!" a voice called, weak but distinct, a human voice not too far away. "Help!"

Melinda was sure of two things. It was a man's voice, and it was not far from the dugout. She got up and tiptoed to the window. Stepping up on a chair, she tried to peer out. The night was like black wool and very still, for the wind had died down. Then the voice came faintly a third time. "Help!"

Melinda stepped down and stood wondering if she had imagined it. "Help!" There it was again. She started toward the door and then stopped. Mama's words came back to her. "You are not to go outside for anything after dark." It could be a rustler out there, an Indian, a desperado, anybody. Then she heard Mama's voice again, "I can't ignore a neighbor's need."

That settled it. She walked over and touched Dick's shoulder, then Bert's. They were awake instantly. "What's wrong?"

"Sh!" she whispered. "Don't wake Carolyn and Katie. Someone is calling for help."

Again the cry came. "Help!"

"It could be a robber," Bert said. "Or Nick or Herman in trouble," added Dick.

"That's what I'm afraid of," Melinda said in reply to Dick. "Anyway, we've got to go and see. One of you boys will go with me, the other must stay here. If we don't come back, don't come for us. Wait here and tell Mama what happened." She wasn't half as

brave as she was pretending to be. She turned to Bert, for by now both boys were dressed. "Get the lantern off the ledge and light it. Better take a few extra matches."

Together they unfastened the door, walked up the steps into the eerie darkness. The lantern made a small circle of light as they walked quickly in the direction from which the call had come.

"Here, I'm right over here," the voice called again. "Don't be scared. It's Dennis."

He lay on the ground, his leg twisted under him. In the lantern's light his face looked pale. Sweat stood on his forehead and he had bitten his lips until they showed the marks of his teeth.

"Golly, Dennis, whatever happened?" Bert asked.

"My horse stumbled," Dennis explained. "I guess it was a prairie-dog hole. They'll start hunting when my horse gets home without me, but how will they ever find me?"

Melinda thought fast. "Bert," she said, "go get Dick. Bring a blanket and a pillow. And some chips."

"What are you going to do?" Bert asked.

"Build a fire, a signal fire, to show the cowboys where to come." As she spoke, she began to break off handfuls of grass, piling them in a heap. The coarse grass bit into her flesh, but she raked a spot clear with her hands and by the time the boys returned she had the place ready. Together they built a fire on the prairie, watching it carefully as they fed it. Melinda knew that the first sight of fire would bring some of the cowboys as fast as they could ride.

She slipped the pillow under Dennis' head, being careful not to move him.

"Golly, does it hurt a lot?" Bert said.

"Not—too—bad," Dennis lied bravely.

"Lay the blanket over him, Dick," Melinda ordered. "Then both of you help me with this fire."

As the fire rose, a spark jumped across the cleared-off place and landed on the tall grass. Melinda grabbed the blanket off Dennis and whacked it out before it had time to get started. Thank goodness, she thought, the night was windless.

Suddenly two figures were riding up to them. "What you kids doing?" Nick shouted.

"Hello, Nick," Dennis hailed him weakly.

"Sure am glad you came."

"It's Dennis," Melinda explained. "He's fallen and hurt his leg."

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" Nick exclaimed as he and Herman swung off their horses.

"Well, I'll be everlastingly doggoned."

## Beginning Next Month

### "THE GOLDEN ALLIGATOR"

By ELIZABETH G. SEIBERT

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## Are you in the know?



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"Stand still, Melinda," Mama ordered. She was kneeling on the floor, trying to mark the hem of a pink-and-white gingham dress she was making for Melinda. "I must get this finished. Here it is the middle of August and it will be time for you to leave before we know it."

In three weeks Melinda was going back to East Texas! She herself could not seem to realize it. Katie trailed after her, loath to let her out of sight, making her promise over and over again to write about everything she did at the Academy. Even the twins were subdued. They had been mighty proud of her quick thinking in lighting a fire the night Dennis was hurt. Melinda remembered how they had sat there for hours, waiting for Herman to come back with the doctor. He had set Dennis' leg right there, praising the Pierces for not moving him.

When Mama got back from the Fosters' they had taken turns telling her what had happened. She had looked at Melinda gravely and never said a word about disobeying her order not to go outside.

"I'm proud of you, Melinda." She spoke as she would have to another woman.

Somehow Melinda could not feel the joyous anticipation about going back to East Texas that she had expected to feel. She sensed that there was something the family was keeping from her. It was in the air. Late one afternoon, standing outside the dugout with Katie, she found out what it was. The wind was sweeping out of the sky's vast blue reaches, the same wind that was to turn their windmill, making them a partner in its freedom. It would make it possible for them to tame this land which was as big as the sky, as free as the wind.

"You must draw me a picture of the windmill, Katie," Melinda said.

"Oh, we aren't going to have one," Katie began, then clapped her hand over her mouth in sudden fright.

"Katie!" Melinda's voice was sharp. "What were you saying?" She persisted until finally she forced it out of the child.

"Papa took money instead of having the men come and dig the well for him," Katie explained unwillingly.

Then Melinda knew. "Papa took the money so he could send me back to East Texas, didn't he?"

"Yes," Katie admitted miserably, "but we weren't to tell you."

Melinda turned and walked off to the corral gate. She stood on the bottom rail and put her hands on the top one, looking across the miles of endless space. She gazed a long time, and gradually she began to realize a fact which she had refused to face for some time. She did not really want to go back to East Texas! She wanted to stay here in the Panhandle. Back there she would have to learn to be a lady, to play the piano, paint pictures, ride sidesaddle, and study from books. All these things she was learning, after a fashion, right here from Mama, as well other important things—standing up to outlaws, making Christmas out of nothing, riding miles to nurse a sick child until the doctor came.

These were real needs. They took on the bigness of the wide sky she had grown to love, the strength of the wind. She knew now she could not go back to East Texas any more than she could crowd herself into her dresses that Mama was making over for Katie. She had outgrown them both.

That was it! Katie was the one to go, and

by the time she was old enough there would be money to send her. In the meantime there would be a windmill pumping up fresh water for the family. She turned toward the dugout, purposeful and sure.

The family looked up as she entered. "I thought I'd tell you," she said. "I don't want to go back to East Texas to school."

They stared at her. Then Mama asked, "Which child has been talking?"

"Nobody told me anything for sure," Melinda said. "I just guessed."

Papa had a strange expression on his face. As always, he was the first to understand. "Melinda, are you sure?" he asked.

"I was never more sure of anything in my life," Melinda answered.

Two weeks later, Melinda was standing near the place where the well was going to be. Already work had begun, and each day the family went out to watch the gradually deepening hole. Perhaps none of them watched with quite Melinda's pride. The Pierces weren't running away, the way so many other homesteaders were. She and her family were staying, even though things were hard. They were making plans for the future, a future that would include this country. They were digging a well now; next year they would plant crops again.

Melinda stood alone at the site of the well, thinking. The day faded into twilight; the sky, big and beautiful, arched above her; the wind blew, quick and free.

She turned to watch a horseman riding toward her swinging his hat and calling. "Hello, Melinda." It was Dennis Kennedy.

She had not seen him since the night, six weeks ago, when she had lighted the bonfire to guide the cowboys to him. She felt shy, scarcely knowing what to say. "Hello," she called. Then, as he drew nearer, she asked, "How's your leg?"

"All right," he said quickly, as if he were still ashamed of letting a horse throw him. "I came to thank you for what you did for me that night."

"Oh, that's nothing," Melinda said.

"I tried to come sooner," he told her, "but the doctor wouldn't let me do much riding. Annie said you were going away to school. I'm going away, too. I've decided to be a doctor. Before I left, I wanted to bring you something to take with you and to say thank you." He handed her a box.

Melinda took it, turning it over in her hands. A gift from Dennis! He was going away. Then she remembered she was not. "But I'm not going away to school," she said and started to return the gift.

"Oh, you keep it anyway," he said. "I want you to have it." There was a pause. "Aren't you going to open it?"

She opened the box. In it lay the beauty pin that came with the coffee coupons. They were just as the prize list had described them—gold pins, half an inch long, with designs of flowers all over them. They were the most beautiful things Melinda had ever seen. Dennis had given up his dictionary to get them for her! She looked at him without speaking.

He broke the silence. "I don't understand," he said, going back to what she had said before. "I thought you wanted to go away to school more than anything."

"I thought so, too," she replied. "But we—well, we needed the money for something else. For a well and windmill." Suddenly she felt foolish, for she remembered the other time when she had told him how

(Continued on page 52)

# SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



**YANKEE BUCCANEER**—A story in Technicolor of adventure and romance in the days when pirates roved the Caribbean. Two famous heroes of the American Navy, David Farragut and David Porter, are the leading characters, with Scott Brady as the young Farragut and Jeff Chandler as Commander Porter. The beautiful, haughty countess who involves them both in a web of intrigue is played by Suzan Ball. Capture by Carib Indians and hairbreadth escapes afford plenty of thrills. (Univ.-Int'l)



**BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE**—Rinaldo Ossano (Mario Lanza), opera and recording star, finds to his disgust that he is plain Private Ossano in the Army. To everyone's surprise, he gets special consideration from Sergeant Batterson (James Whitmore). Ossano discovers that one of the reasons for this is Batterson's sister (Doreen Morrow). Before the end, the sergeant's schemes get everyone, including the general, into hot water. An entertaining picture, with wonderful singing. (M-G-M)



**JUST FOR YOU**—Here is a delightful picture with a background of family and theatrical life which has a serious as well as a gay side. Bing Crosby is a famous composer-producer with a motherless, teen-age daughter and son whose ambitions and love affairs complicate things for him and his singing star, Jane Wyman. Ethel Barrymore, as headmistress of a girls' school, helps smooth out some of their difficulties. It is a Technicolor production with several good singing numbers. (Paramount)



**BONZO GOES TO COLLEGE**—After he runs away from a carnival, Bonzo, the educated chimpanzee, wanders into the home of a college football coach. Bonzo takes to football like a duck to water. He is made a member of the team, and it seems certain the college will beat its rival. But fate, in the person of two crooks, steps in and there are exciting doings before the final whistle blows in the big game. Heading the cast are Maureen O'Sullivan, Charles Drake, Gigi Perreau, Edmund Gwenn. (Univ.-Int'l)

## FREE!

How to have  
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*Slick little booklet of clever  
decorating tips and easy ways  
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Like to know how to make a tricky, heart-shaped bulletin board? How to put a ruffle on your mirror? How to make your radio gleam? Then write for your free copy of "Smart Girls Wax Their Own Rooms."



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*Ask for "Smart Girls Wax Their Own Rooms." Be sure to give your name and address.*



# HOW TO EARN MONEY FOR YOUR COUNCIL FUND

It's easy—it's fun to sell

## Weston's GIRL SCOUT COOKIES

**WHY IT'S EASY:** Because Weston's Cookies are so delicious—so good—you can tell your neighbors you *know* they will enjoy them.

Both the Cream Filled Sandwich Cookies and the Wafer Cookies bear the Official Girl Scout Seal—your neighbors are interested in cooperating with the local Girl Scouts, they'll want to try these Scout cookies.



**HOW TO GET GOING:** If your council hasn't started yet tell them they can get all the material needed by writing the nearest of the Weston's plants listed below. Or if yours is a lone troop just ask your leader to send a postal card to the Weston plant nearest to you. Weston's will send her complete information and will supply you with all necessary selling aids.

**BECAUSE OF THE SIZE OF THE GIRL SCOUT ORGANIZATION, WE REGRET THAT WE CAN ASK ONLY LEADERS OR COUNCIL MEMBERS TO WRITE**



# WESTON BISCUIT COMPANY

PASSAIC, N. J., BATTLE CREEK, MICH., BURBANK, CALIF., WACO, TEXAS

much her family needed money, the day of the Indian scare, and how rude she had been. He must be remembering it too, for he sat on his horse so quietly that he seemed not even to be in the same world with her. Then she knew she had to tell him, that she could not let him think she was a heroine when she wasn't.

"Dennis," she said, her head drooping, "I didn't give up school just so Papa could have his well." This was harder than she had thought. What would he think of her, he who loved books and school above everything else? "I didn't really want to go," she finished, blushing.

"You didn't want to go?"

"No, I didn't want to go back to East Texas. I like it better out here. I don't belong in East Texas any more."

Dennis looked at her strangely. "I didn't tell you all the truth, either, Melinda, when I said I wanted to be a doctor. I do, but the rest of it is you."

"Me?" There was surprise in her voice.

"Yes, you. Remember that day you flew at me when you were gathering bones?" Remember? As if she could ever forget it! "At first I was hopping mad at you. Then I got to thinking and I knew you were right. A person can't just take and take and take everything, and not give anything in return."

"I—I was very rude that day," Melinda acknowledged. "I've been wanting to apologize ever since."

He did not seem to hear her. "I got to thinking I'd like to do something worth while, only I didn't know what it was. I went up to Kansas City, thinking I'd get an idea. But I didn't, and I was homesick for the Panhandle."

That Melinda could understand.

"So I came back, and then when I broke my leg, I knew I wanted to be a doctor. But I never would have started thinking about it if it hadn't been for you." He paused and leaned over his horse's side until he was almost on a level with her. "Melinda," he said solemnly, as if he were making a promise to her and to the country, too, "Melinda, I'm coming back here after I learn to be a doctor. I'm coming back to the Panhandle."

She looked up at him, a lovely feeling flooding her heart. "I—oh, Dennis, that's wonderful."

"Don't you forget, Melinda," he went on. "You stay right here, will you? You understand? *I'm coming back.*"

Melinda faced him, quiet and sure. "I promise, Dennis," she said softly. "Oh, I promise, I'll be here when you come back!"

He straightened up on his horse. "Good-by, Melinda," he said.

"Good-by, Dennis."

He turned and rode off, and Melinda watched him go. The great sky arched above him, the richness of its coloring lighting up Melinda who stayed and Dennis who rode away. The wind blew, brave and free. It seemed to pick up his words and carry them back to her.

"I'll be back, Melinda," it whispered.

She watched him until he was out of sight. Then she turned and hurried toward the dugout, toward her family. THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a condensed version of THE AMERICAN GIRL—DODD, MEAD prize story, "The Wind Blows Free," by Loula Grace Erdman, which was published by Dodd, Mead & Company in a \$2.50 edition last month



you  
and  
your

# UNIFORM

You are a Girl Scout and proud of it! *You know* you are an important member of the Girl Scouts. *Others will know it, too*, when you wear your official uniform. It's beautifully designed in the manner of today—for real comfort and outstanding good looks. Wear your uniform to show you belong!

*Official Uniforms and Accessories  
are sold by your*

**OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT  
EQUIPMENT AGENCY**



- A—Intermediate Girl Scout Uniform—an attractive green cotton covert dress.
- B—Alternate Uniform for Intermediate Girl Scouts in Junior High—white blouse, green gabardine skirt.
- C—Senior Girl Scout Uniform—a flattering dress in green cotton covert.
- D—Alternate Senior Girl Scout Uniform—a smart two-piece, green gabardine skirt and white cotton blouse.

**GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U. S. A.**



What's wrong with this uniform? Here are the errors — count them: Beret askew, tie pretty tired, belt dangling, overloaded. Pocket packed with odds and ends means sadly sagging skirt. Sloppy socks, wrinkled uniform, add up to what the well-dressed Intermediate doesn't wear



Presto, chango, and you see the same Girl Scout trim and tidy from top to toe! Uniform is spic and span, well-fitting. Careful attention to grooming, posture, and such details as proper placing of insignia make her sure she'll be a credit to her organization wherever she goes

## Your uniform is the outward symbol of the high ideals and unity of your Girl Scout organization

With approval of the council, Intermediates in Junior High may choose to wear the alternate uniform shown here: Crisp white blouse, medium-dark-green skirt, beret, troop tie with Girl Scout pin on the knot, and the badge sash



# To Wear with

**I** BELONG" is a proud and warming phrase. Say it silently, in your mind, and you're pretty sure to have a precious feeling of assurance that you are a member of something bigger than yourself—whether it be a family, an organized group, a community, a nation. When you say aloud, "I belong . . . to the Girl Scouts," you tell the world that you are a part of a living kinship of girls who share the same ideals, activities, and fun regardless of differences in race and color and creed.

You can say "I belong" in still another way that requires no words spoken either silently or aloud. You can say it through the symbol that immediately identifies you as a Girl Scout anywhere, anytime. This symbol is your Girl Scout uniform.

Of course you know how to wear your uniform! Even so, it's always a good idea to check up on yourself from time to time. You'll find a refresher course pictured on these pages. Here are some more tips.



*Above:* This Senior is a shining example of neatness and good grooming in her alternate Senior uniform which consists of attractive white blouse with convertible collar, trim-fitting medium-dark-green skirt, official Senior hat. Insignia is correctly placed on and above blouse pocket

*Right:* The official camp uniform is definitely designed for casual living in the great outdoors. Shorts are practical, basque shirt is cut for comfort. But remember — even in the more informal camping atmosphere, you look much better when your uniform is right and tidy

Photos by Sam Rosenberg

# Pride

## INTERMEDIATES

Be sure you buy a uniform that really fits. Try it on for size; alter hem, if necessary, to make the length becoming to you.

Too-long ties can be troublesome. If you have this problem, take a tuck in your tie at the point that goes under your collar at the back of your neck. Tie is tied in a square knot, ends straight out. To keep your tie crisp, try starching it a bit when you launder it.

Beret is worn straight and slightly back on your head, insignia at center front.

Buy your belt with care. One that is just long enough to encircle your waist comfortably and fasten properly is a guarantee against a hanging end.

Place insignia properly. How? You'll find accurate and detailed instructions in your "Girl Scout Handbook" and in your Girl Scout Equipment Catalogue.

## SENIORS

Your hat is worn tipped at a slight angle over your right eye.

You'll be wearing stockings instead of socks, so keep those seams straight.

There is only one right, official way to wear your insignia. Don't trust your memory. Look it up in your Handbook or Equipment Catalogue.

When wearing your alternate uniform, guard against the parting of the ways—be-



Troop party coming up — and this troop member is dressed for it in her Senior uniform. She knows, too, that the smartly-styled items of this official dress-hat, one-piece uniform, leather belt, shoes are suitable for all the places her varied Senior program activities may take her

tween blouse and skirt. A trimly fitting skirt will help you avoid this.

Whatever uniform you wear—Intermediate, Senior, camp—you'll look far more attractive and alert in it if you make certain it is: (1) clean—really clean, (2) well-pressed, and (3) in good repair. The Intermediate and Senior uniforms, alternate Intermediate and alternate Senior blouses, ties, camp shorts and shirts, are washable, vat-dyed, and Sanforized. To keep these spotless, wash them in mild suds and warm water, hang in the shade and press while damp. Between washings or dry cleanings do some touching up with the iron whenever needed. Intermediate beret, Senior hat, alternate Intermediate and alternate Senior skirt should be dry-cleaned. Little details like a loose button or a frayed buttonhole or insignia sewn on carelessly can spoil an otherwise trim uniform.

Your own personal good-grooming routine—attention to your hair, your nails, general freshness, cleanliness, and neatness—is, of course, basic. And proper posture will add immeasurably to your appearance.

Only you, a registered Girl Scout, are privileged to wear the uniform. Wear it with pride!

THE END



## Here's your FREE SELLING KIT

**PREPARED EXCLUSIVELY** for Girl Scouts! Makes a big difference when you're trying to raise funds for troop projects, uniforms, camp or equipment. Shows attractive samples of fast-selling Gift-Boxed stationery and other items that will help you earn big profits easily. "Our customers were so pleased!"—writes Troop 109, Sanitaria Springs, N. Y.



**cash profits plus  
the American Girl  
at no cost to you!**

**BEST OF ALL** troop members get personal rewards too, in addition to cash profits. This official GIRL SCOUT PLAN brings them paid-in-full American Girl subscriptions for themselves, at no cost. Don't delay. Ask your leader to rush the coupon today for all the facts.



† \$1 Xmas Asst.



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**RUSH COUPON TODAY FOR  
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**To: THE AMERICAN GIRL, Dept. AG4  
Attn. Julia Dempsey  
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.**

Please send Official American Girl-Quaint Shop Free Selling Kit with Stationery samples, and new assortment of Girl Scout-Quaint Shop Christmas Cards on approval for free examination.

Leader \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Troop No. \_\_\_\_\_







In the picture at the left, below, Girl Scouts are at work on one of the store windows which troops of Neenah and Menasha, Wisconsin, decorated for their celebration of Girl Scout Week. The other pictures show two of the windows in which they combined Girl Scout and traditional Halloween themes

### ☘ "OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

ER brings us crisp, tingling autumn days; gorgeous colors in flowers and foliage; football games and Halloween frolics—and Girl Scout Week! During the Seven Service Days the Girl Scouts of the United States of America will demonstrate to their communities the fine things for which their organization stands; the ways in which it is helping to build good citizens for a better world of tomorrow. And on Halloween many troops will commemorate with special programs the birthday of Juliette Low.

This year has a special significance, for 1952 marks the fortieth anniversary of the founding of Girl Scouting in this country by Mrs. Low. The handful of girls in Savannah, Georgia, whom Mrs. Low gathered into her first troop, has expanded to a membership of over a million and a half. But the ideals and principles of Girl Scouting remain the same; and steadily, surely, Mrs. Low's dream of a bond of mutual understanding and friendship linking together girls all over the world is being realized. Surely it is a goal well worth striving toward.

☘ **A TIMELY SUGGESTION** for combining the activities of Girl Scout Week with the traditions and tricks of Halloween comes from Wisconsin. Last year Girl Scout troops in the twin cities of Neenah and Menasha were given permission to decorate some thirty store windows. The girls had two objectives in mind: to eliminate the messy window-soaping which had become an annoyance and an expense to store owners; and to publicize Girl Scout Week in an original and effective way.

The project was a great success. Each troop decided on a theme for a window in keeping with Halloween, Juliette Low's birthday, and Girl Scout Week. Brownies, Intermediates, and Seniors had a wonderful time carrying out their ideas in colored paints on their "picture windows." Arts and crafts work was featured in one window; in another a nearly lifesize doll dressed in Brownie uniform called attention to the activities of the youngest Scouts. Two windows stressed international friendship, one with figures dressed in costumes of other lands, the other featuring the slogan "Around the Clock—Around the World—It's Girl Scout Week." In many windows Halloween themes of graveyards and spooks were cleverly used to get across the message of Girl Scout Week. There were Mariner scenes, exhibits of badge work, and many



other windows showing various phases of the Girl Scout program. Every window had the Girl Scout Week slogan painted across the bottom. A general invitation to view the windows was sent out through the local newspapers, and the gay splashes of color, the clever and amusing scenes, drew hundreds of visitors.

☘ **IN PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND**, there is a little girl who is the foster daughter of more than four hundred Girl Scouts of Malverne, New York. When the idea of "adopting" a child from one of the war-scarred countries was brought before the Malverne Planning Board, the board and its adult advisor made very careful investigations and inquiries, and then suggested the idea to the Malverne Girl Scouts. All the troops were immediately enthusiastic, and the project became their service activity for 1952. In making the arrangements, the Girl Scouts expressed no preference in race, na-

tionality, or religion; but the fact that the twelve-year-old English girl who is now their foster child is a Girl Guide created an immediate bond.

Each Girl Scout and Brownie Scout contributed her share of the money which provides extra clothing, food, medical care, and other necessities for their adopted child. In addition, they send her small gifts—the things, hard to get under rationing, that can add so much to a little girl's happiness. Through friendly correspondence they have learned how her family's home and possessions were destroyed in the war bombings; that her father was lost at sea; of her life in Plymouth with her widowed mother. And each troop of Malverne Girl Scouts has a large picture of the little English Girl Guide, which seems to bring her very close to her sister Scouts on Long Island, U.S.A.

☘ **BLUE-JEANED GIRL SCOUTS** and leaders, businessmen wearing Stetson hats and

tooled-leather boots, horses with shining coats made a colorful picture one bright Sunday morning this summer in a pasture near Amarillo, Texas. One by one, each man called out the name of the Girl Scout he was to escort, helped her to mount, and then mounted his own horse. When all were in the saddle, the group set out across the plains of the Texas Panhandle on a seven-mile trail ride through breaks and creek beds to the Girl Scout Camp Kiwanis.

The ride was the climax of a six-weeks course in horsemanship for a group of Girl Scouts working on the Horsewoman badge. Although they live in the land of ranches and Western traditions, the Amarillo Scouts were all city girls. Their teacher, the horses, and equipment were supplied by the Will Rogers Range Riders, one of Amarillo's community-service organizations. The Range Riders, a group of men from all walks of life united by their love of horses, keep their horses at the Range Riders Ranch, and here the Girl Scouts were taught to ride.

With the men on hand to help, the wife of one of the Range Riders met with the girls weekly. Under her supervision they learned to saddle and bridle, to mount and dismount, to feed and water a horse. They learned the names of the parts of a horse—to know the fetlock from the withers, the whirlbone from the chestnut. More important, they gained that understanding of the personality of a horse which makes for a perfect companionship between rider and horse. Always there were talks and demonstrations on safety measures and how to meet emergencies.

So successful was this first class that requests have been pouring in for another. So before very long, more city-bred Texas girls will be getting a new look at their home State—from the back of a companionable horse.

Photo by Scott Dine



THE AMERICAN GIRL

**A PETRIFIED TURTLE** started it. A friend of the leader of the Girl Scout Scamp-erette Patrol in Beresford, South Dakota, gave her the turtle and some fossils and ore specimens to help the patrol in its nature work. When another friend offered a bird collection, the leader suggested that the patrol make these gifts the nucleus of a Girl Scout museum. The idea appealed to the girls, and in no time a large storeroom over a store owned by the leader had been cleared out, painted, and papered. Cabinets, shelves, and counters were donated by businessmen of the community and painted by the girls. Then the exhibits were classified and labeled, and the museum was opened to the public.

In less than three years the museum has grown tremendously and now houses a fine collection of interesting items—from the backbone of a plesiosaurus (a prehistoric lizard that once roamed the region) to a century-old, handmade, wooden barley fork. Because of the lively community interest, the exhibits contain objects from all over the world as well as things of local importance. There are shells, rocks, fossils, and petrified woods from as far away as Brazil. Natural history specimens range from a huge elk head to a leaf-cutter bee's nest. The collection of curious driftwood and twig formations fascinates all visitors. Servicemen have sent to the museum things from many lands: flags and swords; tapa cloth from the Tonga Islands; costumes, money, and other interesting things from Europe, Africa, and the Pacific.

Although it began as a natural history museum, it now has an important collection of heirlooms from pioneer days. Also on display is the patrol leader's collection of some two hundred foreign and antique dolls—from beauties dressed in exquisite brocades and silks to a barefooted hillbilly grandmother churning butter. With the nearest museum a thirty-mile drive distant, this museum of the Beresford Girl Scouts has met a real need of the Boy and Girl Scouts, as well as school children and the whole community.

**A FASHION SHOW** put on by Intermediate Scouts was one of the successful projects of the Junior High Planning Board of the East St. Louis, Illinois, council. The board, made up of twelve girls representing six Inter-

mediate troops, was eager to show that a board of Intermediates could act as effectively as a Senior board, and they held several discussions before voting to have a fashion show as one of their city-wide projects.

Being a realistic group, they decided that the first step would be modeling lessons for all interested girls in the troops they represented. So thirty-six girls were enrolled in a modeling class, under the direction of a professional model. From this group fourteen girls were chosen to model the clothes which a local store had agreed to furnish, and the Girl Scout uniforms. As each girl tried out before the others in the class, their instructor, the program chairman, and the field director, she was rated on the basis of poise, good grooming, personality, and modeling ability.

Next, the girls designed an attractive invitation which was sent to all Intermediate and Senior Scout leaders, inviting all troop members and their mothers to the show. Committees were formed to plan a program to supplement the fashion show; to make and serve refreshments; to plan and make table decorations. These latter attracted much attention. On either side of a centerpiece of painted daisies two tiny doll models, dressed in the newest fashions, posed on a navy-blue "runway." The clothes for these miniature models were designed and made by Intermediates who had earned the Sewing badge.

On the afternoon of the show, the guests were welcomed by the president of the planning board. Then the mistress of ceremonies—another Intermediate Scout—took over. Following a program of songs and music, and a short talk on fashions, the Girl Scout models made their appearance, one by one, and did an excellent job of modeling the smart clothes. Refreshments were served after the modeling, and each Girl Scout was presented with a small gift from the store which had furnished the clothes.

The first half of the next meeting of the planning board was devoted to writing letters of thanks to all the people who had helped with the show, and the second half to an evaluation of the show itself. They decided that there were a number of things that could have been done differently and better, and made constructive recommendations for another time. But on the whole, the board felt it had been a successful project. The girls had enjoyed working together on it; they had learned much that would be helpful to them personally and in their program activities; and they had gained valuable experience in working with the community at large.

THE END

#### ATTENTION, PLEASE!

This department is for news about Girl Scouts everywhere: what they are doing and how they are doing it. Girl Scouts—and Girl Guides too—from all over the world tell us how much they enjoy reading about your activities, what fine ideas you have given them in this department. So please continue to send us good accounts of your fun, your community services, your special or pet projects. And send us photographs—glossy prints, large and clear—that will reproduce well in the magazine. Pictures that tell a story are best, with the girls in good poses, busy with some activity.

"A long, long trail a-winding" of Amarillo, Texas, Girl Scouts and Rogers Range Riders, out for a ride across the Texas Panhandle



# Sure to make a hit with a Miss this Fall!

The crowd is cheering loud  
and long for the exciting line-up  
of Girl Scouts Sportswear!

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## Teen-Ager . . . Israeli Style

(Continued from page 15)

are usually plentiful in Israel—but last year there was a terrible drought and even these foods were not available. It is now very hard to get notebooks and crayons, and there is never a hint of waste in the use of any commodity whatsoever.

Like most Israeli girls, Naomi does not use make-up. She never wears a hat (except with her uniform); if the weather is bad in winter or very hot in summer, she puts on a kerchief. She wears stockings in winter, socks in summer, and she prefers low-heeled shoes. Because of clothing rationing, she does not have many dresses, although she does like nice things, especially tailored clothes. For the past two years Naomi has been able to get only one simple dress and one pair of shoes a year. The remainder of her clothing points have had to be saved to resole her shoes or to buy underwear, and very little of that. She has a Yemenite-embroidered blouse to wear on the Sabbath. This handiwork is popular among the young set because the colors are so rich with reds and blues and silver and gold. She has a warm coat for winter and a raincoat for inclement weather (it rains only in winter in Israel); in summer she uses a white linen jacket with her frocks.

Naomi's work begins at seven in the morning. At noon she gets a sandwich and cup of tea at the police canteen. Because she goes off duty at three o'clock, Naomi has time for hobbies. She has begun to take dancing lessons at Rina Nikova's Biblical Ballet Studio.

"It is mostly for the exercise," says Naomi, "but I like playing and dancing the part of Rebecca of the Bible. I used to lead an outdoor life as a Girl Guide leader, and I miss the activity of those days."

Naomi's father, in the course of his work, translates many books and has inculcated in his daughter a love of literature. Her favorite authors are Ernest Hemingway, Romaine Rolland, Vicki Baum, and Emile Zola. She has been brought up loving the work of the great Hebrew poet Bialik, but the classics of prose she has studied are mostly translations from world literature. Naomi goes to the Y.M.C.A. twice a week to Shakespeare classes in English. After the lecture, she has a swim in the indoor pool of this magnificent building. This, among the finest Y's in the world, was built by Americans for the use of Christians, Jews and Moslems. The decorations in each room bear the symbols of these three religions.

Almost every Sabbath (which is Saturday in Israel) Naomi and her friends—some of whom are in the last year of high school and some in the first year of college—hike in the mornings to a neighboring village. Sometimes they walk the whole day through olive groves (there are trees among them two thousand years old!); in the evening they have a bonfire and roast potatoes. Or they may walk to Kiriath Anavim and return by bus in the evening. Kiriath Anavim (which means "Hill of Grapes") is a *kibbutz*—a co-operative farm—where Naomi worked last summer.

Every summer most of the senior high school students go to help with the harvests in vineyard and orchard because there are not enough hands to pick the fruit in the short season during which this must be

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done. Naomi liked the kibbutz and its different way of life. The resident members of the whole community had their meals together in the large dining hall where four hundred people sat down at once. She had many friends in the private little homes where the parents in the settlement have their bed-sitting rooms and live. (Kitchen and restaurant are centralized.) In the kibbutz's Youth House, where the resident boys and girls have their own dining room and dormitories and recreation rooms, Naomi and her friends were guests. With them she spent many a lovely evening by the fountain or on the lawn, in full moonlight. During the week of full moon the nights are so bright in Israel that one can read outdoors, and on such nights the gang would stay up late and sing Hebrew songs, or do a turn at the *hora* on the terrace. The *hora* is the most popular of Israel's folk dances; dancers whirl about in a wild prancing circle, joining in and dropping out as they wish during the dance.

During the week Naomi usually goes to the movies once, generally with a boy friend and another couple. Although she has no "steady," she does go oftenest with Bobby, a blond university student who is studying in Israel on the American G. I. Bill of Rights. Her favorite actors are Humphrey Bogart and Gary Cooper. The idea of visiting America one day appeals to her very much, and she has learned a great deal about the United States from Bobby, who was born and educated in New York. Sometimes he takes her dancing on Saturday night to Café Rehavia, along with the gang. They drink tea (they used to like coffee, but with austerity the coffee has become mostly roast barley) and have cinnamon buns at their table, or they enjoy a kind of pop called "Gazoz."

Israeli young people like "American" ice cream (mostly sherbets and custard ice cream) which they have at the cafes where they sit and gossip as the boys play chess at nearby tables, or read the latest magazines which are all available in every cafe. They may stop at a *felafel* stand and get a thin bun called *pita* filled with peppery beans and spices topped with hot relish—an Oriental treat that takes some eating!

The gang has few parties of the organized type, but they do gather very often at one place or another. They spend most of the evening singing popular songs or telling tall stories. As with young people everywhere there is merriment during these "jam sessions"—called *kumzits* which is taken from German and means "Come-Sit." And, of course, they have some "slanguage" of their own. Anything wonderful is described by either the American word nylon or the German word *eisen* which means iron. The reverse is either *tembel* (dumbbell) or *shvitzer* (a fuss-box or run-around).

Like many people who have fallen under the spell of this new-old city, Naomi loves Jerusalem with a deep sensitivity. She knows its narrow little streets in the ancient part of the town and the fine boulevards of the modern part of the city. The story of the Bible is everywhere about her, and she has often visited some of its sites—such as the Tombs of the Judges, King David's Tomb, the Tomb of Absalom. In the Jewish part of the city there are practically no Christian holy sites, but Naomi has often heard them described with respect by her mother who was born in the Old City of Jerusalem near the Via de la Rosa.

Naomi does not yet know what career she will pursue after her service as a police-woman—for this is definitely a temporary job. She will be well-trained in office work by the time she is through, and she may look for work in an office, or perhaps she will help her dad in his work. But, whatever job it is, she is certain it will be in the city of her birth, for although Naomi is carefree and happy-go-lucky in small things, she has a strong sense of duty about doing her bit toward developing the new State of Israel and making it a good place to live.

THE END

## By You

(Continued from page 18)

yellow teeth. More from fatigue than heat, his tongue lolled awkwardly from the side of his mouth, his eyes hopefully searching the undergrowth in chance of sighting an evening meal. Strung behind him, the scrawny shapes of five smaller wolves warily followed their leader.

The winter in Northern Canada had been unusually severe on Sheik and his band of wolves. Deer had completely disappeared and rabbits had vanished with few exceptions. At first, Sheik and his band had lived by raiding the sheep ranches scattered throughout the valley. Even when guards had been posted, armed with rifles, the wolves had attacked, frequently killing the guard. Soon the guard was tripled, until even Sheik with his cunning instincts could no longer risk an attack.

One of the ranchers, Ted Houston, never had to post guards. In times of starvation Sheik never raided Ted's ranch, remembering Ted had been his foster mother, raising him from a cub and, when grown, turning him loose in the forest where he was often caught in a trap, to be rescued by Ted before the owner could capture his prize. Yes, even in this great wolf's heart a sense of loyalty burned strong.

Ted sat in the living room of his tiny cabin, a cloud of smoke from his pipe encircling his body and his mind in deep concentration on a map laid before him. For Ted it was a bad winter also, for his sheep had grown lean and his traps held nothing but air in their jaws for weeks. Suddenly, the mournful howl of a wolf aroused Ted from his thoughts. Rising from his chair and rushing to the door, he grabbed his heavy fur-lined coat, adjusted snowshoes upon his feet, and lifted a thirty-three rifle from the rack. Lumbering through the snow, he strove to reach the sheep before the wolves attacked.

The wolves' hunger had risen to the desperation point, when they deserted Sheik and headed for the nearest ranch.

As Ted came into view of his flock, his mouth fell agape in horror at the sight which met his eyes. A surging mass of gray forms was mingled among the flock, their object death. Stopping, Ted leveled his rifle and shot, dropping one of the wolves in mid-spring toward a lamb. Realizing it dangerous to try shooting again in chance of killing his own sheep, Ted rushed into the midst of the battle, pounding a wolf on the head until his hold on the ewe's throat loosened and he fell down unconscious. As Ted turned to locate his next victim, something landed on his back, forcing him to the ground. Something sharp dug into his shoulder, making Ted wince in pain, and causing blood to flow. The rancher turned to fire at the unwelcome intruder when a spitting, snarling, gray terror sprang at him



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from the front, gouging his body with its teeth. Striving to throw off his attackers, Ted's vision suddenly went blank, his mind spinning around in circles with unbearable pain. As the wolf lunged for Ted's throat, a gigantic form, Sheik, appearing out of thin air, smote the wolf on his flank, knocking him off his feet. Sheik grabbed the wolf's neck, shaking the life from him and flinging his limp body through space. A growl of rage rumbling in his throat, Sheik advanced toward the other wolf which promptly retreated into the forest. Sides heaving from the great effort, Sheik walked over to Ted's still body and stared at him in silent remorse. Suddenly, a shot rang out and Sheik reeled, falling to the earth beside Ted. Two men rushed from the trees over to Ted, stopping to examine Sheik on the way.

"Nice shooting, Tom; he's dead as a rock," complimented one of the men. Grabbing Sheik by the tail, they flung him aside.

"Good thing we came along when we did or we'd have two corpses on our hands," exclaimed Tom, kneeling beside Ted and feeling his pulse.

"Careful now," cautioned one, lifting Ted's shoulders. Between them they gently carried Ted toward his cabin, completely ignoring Sheik's lifeless body.

A soft wind began to blow, ruffling the hair on the gray wolf's form and snow fell, burying him. No one would ever know of the gallant Sheik's courageous loyalty. That is, no one except God.

SUE ELLEN ANWAY (age 12) River Forest, Illinois

## A Question

Poetry Award

*Alternating current*

*An anapestic line*

*Triangles that are congruent*

*Yes, all these things are fine.*

*Our leaders surely thought so,*

*Or they would not have ruled*

*That every day from eight 'til three*

*We must spend our time in school.*

*Surely they are important,*

*Yes, really they are fine,*

*But don't they take up too much time?*

*The time that should be mine.*

*Mine to roam the hills and dales,*

*To follow the path of the mountain brook*

*My time to learn of Nature's way.*

*My time to think; my time to look.*

*My time to learn of birds and flowers*

*And labor true with rocks and sod.*

*My time to learn to live and love,*

*My time to spend—with God!*

SARAH MURPHREE (age 16) Wedowee, Alabama

## Thoughts

Nonfiction Award

Autumn—you think of it and you begin to tingle. To you it's the most wonderful time of the year. School; new friends; new clothes. What wonderful magic fall is! You begin to make plans for the new school term. You wonder and, of course, you worry. Will Tom ask me to the Thanksgiving dance? Will I pass algebra? Will I be able to stretch my budget enough to get three new sweaters?

Yes, you wonder and you worry and you go to town to get—well, just one sweater to begin with.

You look at a blue nylon. No, it won't do. The yellow one? Maybe. What about the red or the white? They are all very pretty, but naturally you can't make up your mind. You never can.

You leave the store without buying any of them and walk to the outskirts of town. A soft breeze is blowing and the leaves are swirling to the ground. You are still thinking of the sweaters, but gradually you begin to concentrate on the leaves. The beautiful, swirling, brown and gold leaves. And then—then it hits you! A new thought!

Did God worry about what color He wanted the leaves to be?

You think about this while you are walking home. You have never thought so seriously before; why do you have to begin now when you should be happy? After all, you are only a freshman in high school. Can't you stick to worrying about clothes and dates?

You begin to walk faster. You want to get home so you can be around other people and forget your new thoughts.

And yet—you know that you will never forget. You realize that you are growing up and will have other things, more adult things, to think about than the color of your sweater.

You smile to yourself. You're growing up and it's autumn. You should be happy. Let these new problems wait awhile before you begin to worry about them.

Yes, you smile; but deep inside you are sad and know they cannot wait.

MARIE JOHNSON (age 14) Hutto, Texas

## First Race

Fiction Award

In the locker room all was confusion. He sat on the bench as the other swimmers arrived, hearing snatches of their conversation, and wondering how they all could be so confident and happy.

He saw his coach, suddenly looking very strange, come over to him, and heard him say, "We're counting on you, fella; now go in there and win."

He returned the coach's grin with a pale and sickly one of his own, then sat there waiting until over the loudspeaker came the fateful words: "All swimmers in the 440-yard free-style, please come to the judges' stand."

He walked out of the locker room, concentrating on a manly swagger, and into the pool room. As he saw the bright lights he suddenly felt as a trapped animal must when he realizes that there is no escape. All the people seemed to be staring at him and laughing hysterically.

"What am I doing here anyway? I can't swim against them, I'll lose. Maybe I'll even drown." The friendly boys around him became his desperate enemies; their smiles, cold, calculating sneers.

They lined up along the edge of the pool, and he looked down at the smooth, clear water, soon to be transformed into a churning, angry sea.

He heard the starter say, "Swimmers ready."

## ART AWARD:



BARBARA IRVINE (age 15) Los Angeles, California

His toes curled instinctively along the pool. He stood tall and expectant.

"Take your mark."

He bent over, muscles like coiled springs, awaiting the gun.

"Go!"

He felt a sting on his chest as he hit the water. It had been a good start. He glided along, knowing that the force of his start was taking him faster than he could swim. As he began to slow down he started to kick, steady and hard. His strong arms pulled down through the unresisting water, propelling him forward.

His one thought now was that he had to win. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a churning mass of water and knew that it was another swimmer. "Maybe he's ahead of me; I've got to go faster."

He came to the edge of the pool and did a quick, clean turn. He swam on and on, losing count of how many times he had swum and turned. Suddenly he felt as if he could go on no longer. He swam slower, knowing that soon he would get his second wind, praying that it would be now. And then he could swim again. He went forward, faster than before, feeling as if he could go on forever.

Then came the last lap. He poured out his last bit of reserve, hitting the side of the pool a few seconds before the next swimmer.

"Congratulations, you were great."

"Aw, it was a cinch."

SUSAN DRASSINOWER (age 12)

St. Albans, New York

## A Walk in the Rain

Poetry Award

*We walked through the rain*

*in our perfect happiness.*

*He took my arm to shield me*

*from the dripping bushes;*

*We laughed together as we stepped*

*o'er pools of sparkling water.*

*Our hearts soared to meet the rainbow,*

*shining high above us.*

*Then . . . the sun came out,*

*the rain stopped,*

*and he went away.*

HANNAH MILLER (age 14) Cliffside, North Carolina

## HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Joanne Orme (age 15) Springfield, Ill.

POETRY: Carolyn Goldberg (age 12) Philadelphia, Pa.; Joyce De Long (age 15) Marietta, Ga.

FICTION: Merle Grave (age 14) State College, Pa.; Dorothy Murphy (age 16) Lowell, Mass.; Carole Gramlow (age 13) Spokane, Wash.

NONFICTION: Jean Anderson (age 16) Moscow, Idaho; Ann Rawlings (age 12) Culpeper, Va.; Helen Knutson (age 17) Lansing, Iowa.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Berda Jane Tate (age 12) Nome, Alaska.



**PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:**

LYNNE ETHRIDGE (age 13) Monroe, Louisiana

### To Grow Up

Fiction Award

Helen Richards stood in the middle of her daughter's bedroom and with a weary eye viewed the chaos there. How anyone by the simple process of getting dressed could create such disorder was beyond her. The dresser looked like a cyclone had hit it; the floor was covered with an assortment of clothes.

She opened the closet door, only to jump back hastily. That odor! Formaldehyde! Heaven only knows what she has canned this time. Mrs. Richards thought fiercely. If she's brought home another jellyfish—why did Nancy take this sudden interest in biology?

Investigation proved that this time it was a starfish, definitely embalmed and reposing in her best stew pan! She groaned, slammed the door, and marched downstairs. Before her daughter was any older she was going to hear a few enlightening facts.

Nancy was blissfully draped before the phonograph, playing an old recording of "Nature Boy." A dreamy look was on her face as if she were a million miles away from her irate parent. Probably dreaming about her biology teacher, Mr. Gray, her mother thought correctly. Nancy sighed.

From the doorway Mrs. Richard's voice broke in upon her daughter's deep enchantment. "Nancy Richards, shut off that hideous, outdated screeching! I want to talk to you."

Like a diver returning from the deep Nancy opened her lovely blue eyes.

"Will you tell me," began Mrs. Richards, "what you mean by taking one of my good pans and putting dead animals in it? And how many times have I told you I will not have that vile smelling stuff in my house!"

Nancy came to earth with a thud. "Gosh, Mom," she frantically yelled, "you didn't throw out my starfish did you? I gotta' have it for biology. What will Mr. Gray say?"

"I know," said her mother firmly, "there's going to be a change around here. The starfish is only half of it. Biology papers and clothes all over your room. As for Mr. Gray—"

"Mother, please," spoke Nancy, "don't speak of him in that tone of voice."

Mrs. Richards realized that Nancy thought herself to be in love with Mr. Gray. No wonder her feminine daughter was suddenly so interested in plants and animals.

The next evening Nancy came home from

school brokenhearted because Mr. Gray had told his class he was engaged to be married. She wouldn't eat any dinner and retired to her room very early. By morning she looked like she would recover.

Mrs. Richards was watching for Nancy to come from school, and she was unusually late. I hope she hasn't done anything drastic about Mr. Gray, her mother thought.

She looked up. Coming down the street was Nancy and walking with her was a broad-shouldered, athletic-looking boy. He was wearing a football sweater which Nancy was enviously eyeing. And Nancy was smiling.

Nancy burst into the living room, "Mom, I've just met the nicest boy and he loves football. I'm going to the big game tonight. Don't you just love football boys?"

Helen Richards smiled. This was better, much better.

CAROL SMITH (age 15) Mullens, West Virginia

### The Gavel

Nonfiction Award

I hold it, lightly at first; then, sensing its meaning, I grasp it firmly. Solid, perfectly carved, I wonder about the small nicks in its stout form. They retell tales of many club years . . . picnics, parties, hayrides, dances, and many lovely friendships . . . good times of laughter when its mistress pounded brutally for silence. Again it was used when gossip and loud talking became rude and boisterous. For years this piece of wood has been a symbol, a custom, revered.

I twine the four long silky ribbons through my hand; purple and gold, rich, grand colors, to be proud of.

It frightens me when I think of its meaning, its former users, fine, good, intelligent women now; will I uphold all traditions, ideals? Can I ever maintain order with this small carved mallet, so insignificant?

I gaze around me . . . everyone is here . . . the gavel in my shaking hand suddenly booms out. My heart beats wildly and I hear my own voice. "The meeting will please come to order . . ."

SUE SLAYTON (age 16) Chillicothe, Missouri

### "That's Life"

Fiction Award

Roxie hurried up the street, almost running. She just couldn't wait to get home. It was almost dark, but it was nicely cool, one of those pleasant nights just before summer. Roxie was enjoying it more than ever, because she was thinking it might be one of the last times she would be coming home from Sequoia. Her house was up for sale, and so far it hadn't sold. If it didn't sell by today, they would forget about moving and stay in San Carlos. She hurried along and her feet kept a steady rhythm. "Oh please, dear God, let us stay in San Carlos," she silently prayed. "Yes or no, yes or no," the rhythm of her steps seemed to say.

She had grown up in San Carlos, and little events passed through her mind. She thought of the time she had gotten lost, and when she fell on her nose from the bars in the back yard of the house across the street. The boy that lived there had taken her home. He was almost a stranger then, but now she was going steady with him and had been for the last year. She shut her eyes and tried to picture her life without him. Quiet, understanding Bill, she just couldn't live without him! She thought of all the things that she would

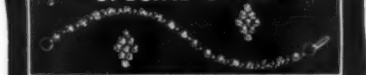


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HANDICRAFT  
CATALOG

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45 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.  
Send Piano Course of 30 lessons, 50 songs, and Patented Automatic Chord Selector. On delivery will pay postman just \$1.98 plus postage. If not delighted, may return Course in 10 days for purchase price refund. The Automatic Chord Selector is mine to keep.  
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No APO, FPO, or Foreign COD's



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Available at Girl Scout Equipment Agencies as Listed in the Equipment Catalog.

## USE THIS HANDY FORM TO ORDER AMERICAN GIRL PATTERNS

Check pattern number and size and enclose correct amount (in coin) for each pattern.

### FEATURED ON PAGE 26

- ☐ **9364—Dress with Wide Neckline**  
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ **9257—Princess-Line Dress**  
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ **9380—Skirt**  
Sizes ☐ 24 ☐ 25 ☐ 26 ☐ 28
- ☐ **4829—Apron**  
Sizes ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large  
(14-16) (18-20) (40-42)

enclose \$..... for patterns  
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Pattern Department  
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

be doing in the future. There would be parties, slumber parties, secrets to keep, plans made, crushes on boys, and loafing in the summertime with the gang. Oh, how could she leave it all and start over again? She wanted to finish her junior and senior years at Sequoia High so very badly. She thought of the eighth grade, when she and her friends had started growing up. They had experienced the new thrill of wearing lipstick and dancing with boys. She thought of her freshman and sophomore years. Her sophomore year was almost over. There were only about seven or eight more days. How perfect it had been. She thought of how Bill had asked her to go steady, and how happy she had been.

Then she came to her corner and ran the rest of the way. She saw the sign in front of the house, and there was Bill, waiting for her. Over the old sign was tacked a big new red sign. "Sold," it said. Bill came over and touched her shoulder. She stood there a minute, the sign cutting into her heart, and not saying a word. Then she turned slowly away, walking up her driveway, with her head down. The almost darkened night hid her tears of disappointment.

SALLY ARTESEROS (age 14) San Carlos, California

## Place of Rest

### Nonfiction Award

I like my town.

I like the four-sided clock on the school; each face with a different time, all wrong.

I like the brick school building, three shades of red for three additions.

I like the band concerts in the park and the people who go to them: The grownups who go to watch, the teens who go to talk and to be alone, and the children who go to race and play.

I like the way the noonday sun shines down on the wharves, bright and glaring, carving sharp black shadows on the dusty ground.

I like the general store, crammed full of everything under the sun, ready for people to rush in, grab something and rush out again yelling, "Charge it," to the proprietor.

I like the typical white New England

church with its cut-off steeple jutting into the sky.

I like the square ivy-covered library full of books, old and musty, crisp and new.

I like the narrow curving streets which bind my town together.

I like my town, my Mattapoisett, my "Place of Rest."

GAIL SMYTHE (age 15) Mattapoisett, Mass.

## Lady Moon

### Poetry Award

*Tonight the moon is a lady.  
She carries a basket of lace,  
To patch the fabric of evening  
And veil earth's delicate face.  
She polishes the dreary shadows,  
That cling to the rippling ground—  
She works with a pale blue cloth of mist  
and utters not a sound.  
She looks like a Spanish maiden,  
As she steps behind the trees—  
For she wears a star-pin at her throat  
and a cloud-shawl across her knees.*

SHARI LASTER (age 13) Tulsa, Oklahoma



## Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawing or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

**Short Stories:** Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

**Poems:** Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

**Nonfiction:** Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Any subject.

**Drawings:** Any subject. Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5"x7". **WARNING: Wrap carefully!**

**Photographs:** Any subject. Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

## RULES

1. Entries for the February, 1953, issue must be mailed on or before November 1, 1952. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

## AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send Entries to "By You" Dept. Editor

The American Girl Magazine  
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.



# Jokes

## EVEN AS YOU AND I

Advertisement in Lost-and-Found Column:

Lost: Tan Leather wallet containing pictures, personal papers, and \$350.00. Finder may keep the pictures, personal papers, and wallet, but owner has sentimental attachment to the money.

Sent by PATRICIA COOPER, Paterson, New Jersey

## ON THE JOB

NANCY: Is your dog a good watchdog?

DICK: I'll say! If you hear a suspicious noise at night, all you have to do is wake him up and he begins to bark.

Sent by VIOLA FROELICH,  
Dickinson, North Dakota

## NO POSSIBLE DOUBT

ASSISTANT WEATHERMAN: What shall I put down for today's forecast?

CHIEF WEATHERMAN: Rain.

ASSISTANT WEATHERMAN: How do you know? You didn't even look at the instruments.

CHIEF WEATHERMAN: Easy. I lost my umbrella. I'm planning to play golf. And my wife is giving a lawn party. Rain.

Sent by WANDA PAGE, Kingsley, Iowa

## HE GOT OUT OF THAT ONE!

SHE: You say you love me, but would you be willing to die for me?

HE: Well, er, no—that is, you see mine is what they call undying love!

Sent by SUE COOPER, Indio, California

## TOO, TOO YOUNG!

A little boy had had a severe sunburn, which had reached the peeling-off stage. As he was washing up before bed one evening his mother heard him saying mournfully to himself: "Only four years old, and wearing out already!"

Sent by JUDY PETERSON,  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

## COULD BE A TWIN?

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: Didn't you have a brother in this class last year?

STUDENT: No, sir. I'm taking the course over again.

PROFESSOR: Remarkable resemblance, nevertheless.

Sent by PHYLLIS LOUISE TRACY,  
Hagerstown, Maryland

## UP-TO-DATE

A big-city banker was visiting a farmer, one of his depositors.

"Is that one of your hired men?" asked the banker, pointing to a man bringing in some feed.

"Nope," replied the farmer. "That's our first vice-president in charge of cows."

Sent by JUDITH MILLER, Tucson, Arizona

## GEOMETRICALLY SPEAKING

TEACHER: Who can give me a definition of indigestion?

BRIGHT PUPIL: It's the failure to adjust a square meal to a round stomach.

Sent by BETSY SCHUBAUER,  
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

## DOWN IN FRONT!

DEFINITION OF A CHILD: Something that stands halfway between an adult and the TV screen.

Sent by SYLVIA CREWS, Paris, Tennessee

## NO FOLLOW-THROUGH

A stout little man was explaining his tennis game. "When my opponent hits the ball to me," he said, "my brain immediately barks out a command to my body: 'Race up to the net—Slam a blistering drive to the corner of the court—Jump back into position to return the next volley!'"

"Yes, yes, and then what?" asked his friend.

"Then," sighed the stout little man, "my body says, 'Who—me?'"

Sent by MARY ELIZABETH WATKINS,  
Jackson, Mississippi

## CAPSULE TRUTH

There is no real substitute for intelligence, but silence comes pretty close.

Sent by JEANETTE DUDLEY, Racine, Wisconsin

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"So what?"

## Complexion Hints

by Gina Farley



**Just your luck** to pop out in "spots" the day of the party! Now don't start to blame your "age"! And don't get downhearted! Blemishes, you know, are often caused by carelessness. See if your

luck doesn't change when you change your complexion care.



**Discovered!** A most sensible plan for girls your age is the easy Noxzema Beauty Routine. It helps keep your skin *glowing* clean. That's an important step toward lovelier looking skin. See how quickly it helps heal any annoying externally-caused blemishes you may have now.



**Whee—how easy!** Morning and night, "creamwash" with Noxzema. Smooth it on your face. Then wash it off with a cloth wrung out in warm water. Noxzema actually washes off with water

—because it's *greaseless!* And there's no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!

## Helps 24 Hours a Day.

Always after you "creamwash," smooth on a film of Noxzema to help protect your skin during the day and at night. Pat a little extra Noxzema over any externally-caused blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema does a really grand job fast. It's *medicated*.



**Thrifty!** Now's your chance to get the big 85¢ jar of Noxzema for only 59¢ plus tax—almost half again as much for your money as in the Small size. Don't wait! This is a limited time offer! Get *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema today at any drug or cosmetic counter and save money!

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For selling only 50 boxes of our 300 Christmas card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other leading lines on approval. Many surprise items. It costs you nothing to try. Write today. **CHEERFUL CARD CO., Dept. A2-29, White Plains, New York**

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A beautiful collection of commemorative, triangles, high values, bi-colored stamps, etc., only 15¢.  
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**NIAGARA STAMP CO., Niagara-on-the-Lake 221, Canada.**

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**WYRON STAMP CO. Dept. A, Springfield, Mass.**

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**Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. 212, Jamestown, N.Y.**

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**KENMORE, Milford H-71, N. H.**

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### What Are "Approvals"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street, address, City, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

## WHERE TO BUY THE AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

ON THE COVER AND PAGES 21-24

### Cover Dress

R. A. R. Dress

Baltimore, Md. .... **Hutzler's**  
Boston, Mass. .... **Filene's**  
Charlotte, N. C. .... **"Ed" Mellon's**  
Chicago, Ill. .... **Lytton's**  
Cincinnati, Ohio .... **Shillito's**  
Cleveland, Ohio .... **The Halle Bros. Co.**  
Corpus Christi, Tex. .... **Fedway**  
Dallas, Tex. .... **W. A. Green Co.**  
Dayton, Ohio .... **Rike-Kumler Co.**  
Detroit, Mich. .... **Hudson's**  
Fall River, Mass. .... **Leslie's**  
Ft. Smith, Ark. .... **Arcade Dept. Store**  
Hartford, Conn. .... **Youth Centre**  
Houston, Tex. .... **Foley's**  
Kansas City, Mo. .... **Emery, Bird, Thayer**  
Los Angeles, Cal. .... **Bullock's Downtown**  
Miami, Fla. .... **Burdine's, Inc.**  
Minneapolis, Minn. .... **The Dayton Co.**  
New York, N. Y. .... **Gimbel's, N. Y.**  
Philadelphia, Pa. .... **John Wanamaker**  
Salt Lake City, Utah .... **Auerbach's**  
San Francisco, Cal. .... **The Emporium**  
Seattle, Wash. .... **Rhodes of Seattle**  
St. Louis, Mo. .... **Famous-Barr Co.**  
Washington, D. C. .... **The Hecht Co.**  
Wheeling, W. Va. .... **The Hub**  
Wichita Falls, Tex. .... **Fedway**

Atlanta, Ga. .... **Davison-Paxon Co.**  
Baltimore, Md. .... **Hutzler's**  
Cleveland, Ohio .... **The Halle Bros. Co.**  
Erie, Pa. .... **The Halle Bros. Co.**  
Hartford, Conn. .... **G. Fox & Co.**  
Lincoln, Neb. .... **Gold & Co.**  
Los Angeles, Cal. .... **Bullock's Downtown**  
Memphis, Tenn. .... **J. Goldsmith's & Sons**  
Milwaukee, Wisc. .... **Gimbel Bros.**  
Newark, N. J. .... **Bamberger's**  
New Orleans, La. .... **D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.**  
Newport News, Va. .... **Nachman's, Inc.**  
New York, N. Y. .... **Macy's, New York**  
Philadelphia, Pa. .... **John Wanamaker**  
Portland, Ore. .... **Meier & Frank**  
Richmond, Va. .... **Thalhimer's**  
Rochester, N. Y. .... **Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.**  
Springfield, Mass. .... **Albert Steiger Co.**  
St. Louis, Mo. .... **Stix, Baer & Fuller**  
Washington, D. C. .... **Woodward & Lothrop**

Shirley Lee Dress

Altoona, Pa. .... **The Wm. F. Gable Co.**  
Atlanta, Ga. .... **Davison-Paxon Co.**  
Charlotte, N. C. .... **Belk Brothers**  
Denver, Colo. .... **The Denver Dry Goods Co.**  
Kansas City, Mo. .... **The Jones Store**  
Knoxville, Tenn. .... **Miller's, Inc.**  
Little Rock, Ark. .... **The M. M. Cohn Co.**  
Memphis, Tenn. .... **Levy's**  
Miami, Fla. .... **Burdine's, Inc.**  
Nashville, Tenn. .... **Castner Knott**  
New Orleans, La. .... **D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.**  
Savannah, Ga. .... **Levy's of Savannah, Inc.**

Petiteen Dress

Baltimore, Md. .... **Stewart and Co.**  
Brooklyn, N. Y. .... **Martin's, Brooklyn**  
Cincinnati, Ohio .... **The H. & S. Pogue Co.**  
Miami, Fla. .... **Burdine's, Inc.**  
New York, N. Y. .... **Gimbel's**  
Philadelphia, Pa. .... **Gimbel's**  
Pittsburgh, Pa. .... **Kaufmann's**  
Portland, Ore. .... **Meier & Frank**  
Richmond, Va. .... **Thalhimer's**  
St. Louis, Mo. .... **Famous-Barr Co.**  
Washington, D. C. .... **The Hecht Co.**

Frosting for Skirts, Page 24

Pigtail Fashions Blouse

Binghamton, N. Y. .... **Fowler, Dick & Walker**  
Corpus Christi, Tex. .... **Fedway**  
Miami, Fla. .... **Burdine's, Inc.**  
Wichita Falls, Tex. .... **Fedway**

Sally Mason's Short-sleeved Blouse

Minneapolis, Minn. .... **The Dayton Co.**  
New York, N. Y. .... **Macy's, New York**

Sally Mason's Long-sleeved Blouse

Hartford, Conn. .... **Sage-Allen**  
Passaic, N. J. .... **Ginsburg's**

### Prize Purchase Dress, Page 21

Baltimore, Md. .... **Hutzler's**  
Cleveland, Ohio .... **The Halle Bros. Co.**  
Columbus, Ohio .... **F. & R. Lazarus & Co.**  
Corpus Christi, Tex. .... **Fedway**  
Dallas, Tex. .... **Sanger Bros.**  
Detroit, Mich. .... **Hudson's**  
Hartford, Conn. .... **G. Fox & Co.**  
Houston, Tex. .... **Foley's**  
New Orleans, La. .... **Leon Godchaux's**  
Minneapolis, Minn. .... **The Dayton Co.**  
Richmond, Va. .... **Thalhimer's**  
Wichita Falls, Tex. .... **Fedway**  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. .... **The Teen Shoppe**

### Harvest Highlights, Pages 22-23

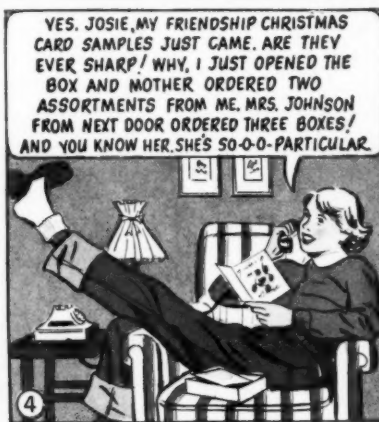
Young Sophisticates Dress

Brooklyn, N. Y. .... **Martin's**  
Cleveland, Ohio .... **The Halle Bros. Co.**  
Hartford, Conn. .... **G. Fox & Co.**  
Little Rock, Ark. .... **Pfeifers of Arkansas**  
Los Angeles, Cal. .... **The Broadway**  
Newark, N. J. .... **Kresge-Newark**  
New Orleans, La. .... **D. H. Holmes**  
New York, N. Y. .... **Lord & Taylor**  
Pittsburgh, Pa. .... **Kaufmann's**  
San Francisco, Cal. .... **Joseph Magnin Co.**  
Trenton, N. J. .... **Nevius-Voorhees**

Rosenau Dress

Atlanta, Ga. .... **Davison-Paxon Co.**  
Detroit, Mich. .... **Hudson's**  
Minneapolis, Minn. .... **Powers**  
New Orleans, La. .... **D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.**  
New York, N. Y. .... **Bloomingdale's**

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Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

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B R E C K



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There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and shining. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the natural beauty of your hair.

*The three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.*

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